

Reminiscences

by Stephen Laufer

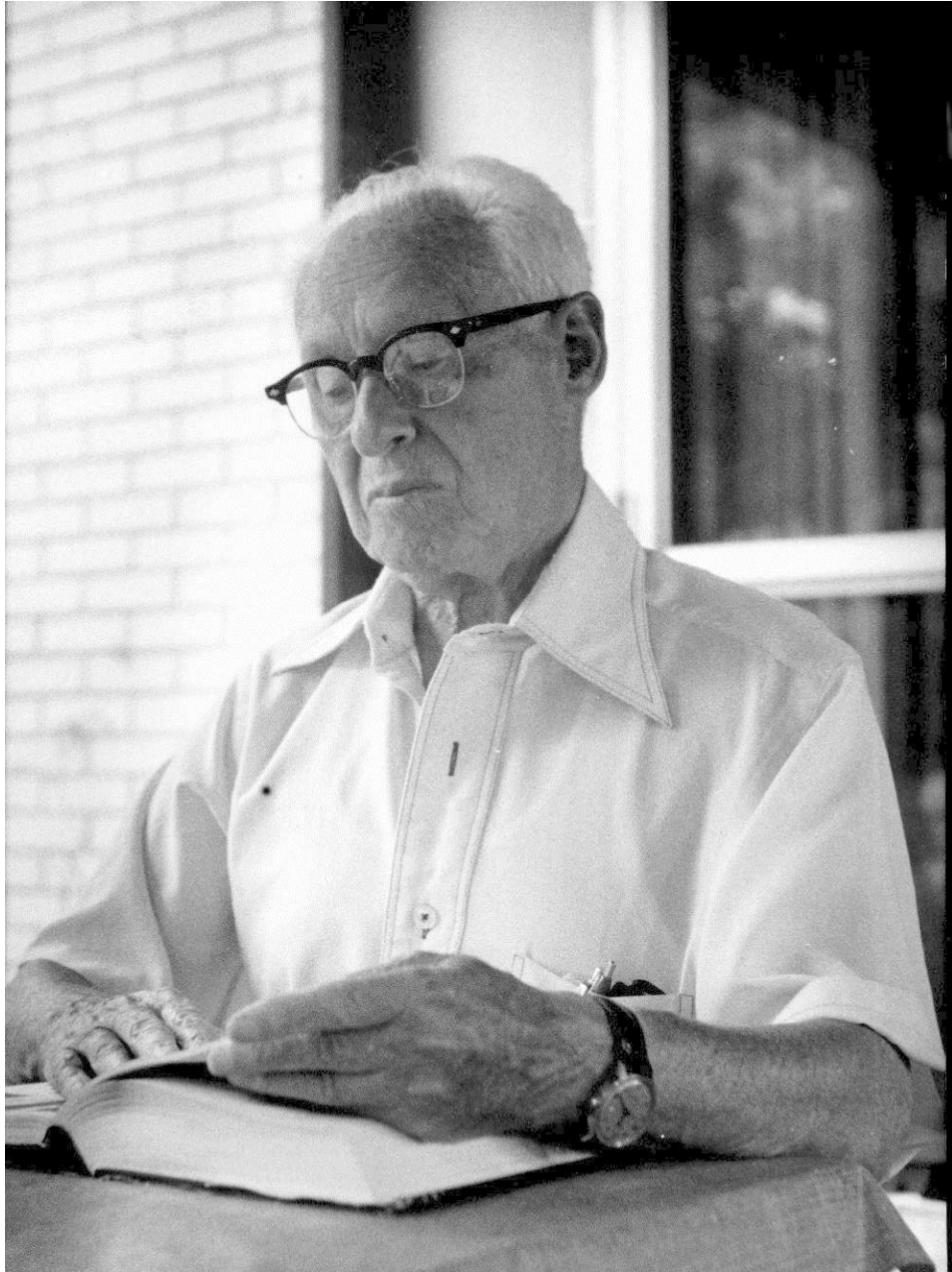


Photo by granddaughter Alyssa

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PREFACE

Forty years ago, in 1978, our dear father, Dr. Stephen Laufer, completed an account of his childhood and young adult years in Poland, Hungary and Austria. Much labor went into assembling the handsome document that Dad called, simply, *Reminiscences*: Ruth and her husband Jim helped locate and print the photographs; Irma typed and proofread the manuscript, and Wilma arranged for a copy of it to be donated, along with many artifacts, to the Jewish Museum of Maryland. The end product was a vivid document of both historical and personal significance that traces our father's and mother's journeys through one of the most tumultuous periods of the 20th century. It has been treasured by family members and occupies a spot in the Dr. Stephen Laufer Papers in the Jewish Museum.

With the 125th anniversary of our father's birth approaching in 2019, and with the proliferation of generations of descendants who were never able to meet him, we felt the time was right to revisit his memoirs. The current volume reproduces the text written by Dad and the photographs accompanying it. It adds a section about Dad's life in Vienna that Wilma reconstructed from his notes. It includes more subheadings as well as editorial notes to clarify matters that may have been ambiguous. Finally, it adds an appendix that consists of: 1) a biographical sketch of Dad's life; 2) letters and interviews with relatives who provide more information about our parents' lives in both Bolechow and Palestine; 3) a translation from "Memorial Book for the Martyrs of Bolechow" describing the factory owned by Israel Laufer and his partners; 4) eulogies delivered at Dad's funeral; 5) a tribute to Dad from his grandson; 6) documents such as report card, manifest, census; and 7) a genealogical chart of the Laufer and Streifer families.

This edition could not have been completed without the contributions and encouragement of the entire family. Special thanks are due to George for his work on the photographs and to Alyssa for editorial assistance.

By publishing this most recent iteration in book form, we hope that it will provide a convenient and appealing resource for family members, young and old, to enjoy. We anticipate that all will find inspiration in the legacy Dad left of kindness, wisdom, humility, erudition, and strength.

Ruth Laufer Morton
Irma Laufer Katz
Wilma Laufer Gabbay

January 2018

זכרונות

REMINISCENCES

I. The Growing Up Period

Introduction

When I read Irving Howe's book, "The World of Our Fathers", it occurred to me that I should also describe some phases of my life. The book quotes many memoirs of Jewish immigrants who landed in the New World. I was also influenced in reaching this resolution when reading Golda Meir's book "My Life". Possibly our children and grandchildren may be interested in reading some parts of these reminiscences.

Early Years

Our father, Israel Laufer, was not a native son of Bolechow, I believe. I do not know where he came from. We had no relatives on our father's side and there was no other family in Bolechow by the name of Laufer. Father was an only child. It would seem that we had no relatives on Father's side, but not so. Sometime before the First World War Father brought into Bolechow (possibly from another small town in East Galicia) two distant cousins of his, Moses and Juda Laufer. Moses was a carpenter and was employed in our chair factory as a foreman, and Juda was an upholsterer, being busy in upholstering the chairs with special leather. I used to see them occasionally when I visited the factory on vacation, but I was not close to them.

Then, many – many years ago, when I was in the fourth or fifth year gymnasium (1910 or 1911), I visited Aunt Ryfcia in Skole (another small town) who was living there, for a week or so on vacation time. One day she said to me, "Why don't you go and pay a visit to Mr. Laufer, who is an uncle of your father, the brother of your grandfather." I did. I don't remember his looks; he appeared like an old man with a beard. I greeted him and introduced myself as the son of Israel (ישראל). He was a Hebrew teacher ("melamed" מלמד), and had a "cheder" in his house, teaching small children the elements of Hebrew and Bible. We were strangers to each other, I had never heard of him before, and I soon departed.

A couple of days later, I went to the local park and started reading a book. A young man approached me and said that his name is Laufer, the son of the Hebrew teacher. He talked to me for a while and expressed the desire to get out from Skole, and into the wide world. I agreed with him wholeheartedly.

There is a sequel to it. When we arrived in America in 1929, a fellow by the name of Laufer visited us a few years later in Brooklyn. He claimed that he is a relative of ours, but did not stay long. When we moved to the Bronx, he visited us for the second time. He said that he is a tailor, but his son is an established dentist.

I regret it very much that I neglected to follow this up. I don't even know whether this is the same guy whom I met in the park in Skole so many years ago. He is probably dead by now.

A few years ago a woman called us up (I was not home) saying she was born a Laufer (possibly the daughter of the tailor). She lives not far from us. Since there is so much interest nowadays in "Roots", we will try to contact her.

He (my father) and Alter Schneid owned property on the "main" street leading through town (Kolejowa Street – "Bahnstrasse" leading to the railroad station). This was the "Kaiserstrasse" ("Emperor's Highway"), supposedly always in good condition (to be used for transport of artillery, etc.).

(When I had an opportunity to re-read the Bible recently, I was astonished to notice that such things as "Emperor's" or "King's Highway" existed already in antiquity. At the time when the Israelites left Egypt (about 1200 – 1300 B.C.) and started to enter Canaan, "Moses sent messengers to the King of Edom:" "Thus says thy brother Israel....Let us pass, I pray thee through thy land; we will not pass through field or through vineyard, neither will we drink of the water of the wells; we will go along the King's Highway (דֶּרֶךְ הַמֶּלֶךְ) until we have passed thy border". (20:14 Numbers – בַּמִּדְבָּר).

The property was located on a canal (a branch of the river Sukiel passing through the town) which supplied waterpower (energy) to our establishment. Near to the main street was a house divided into two dwellings, one for our family, and one for the Schneid family. One dwelling faced the canal and the other faced a side road leading into our property and continuing into other possessions. The more desirable dwelling was the one near the side road; the less desirable was the waterside. To solve this problem, the families changed dwellings every three years.

The two families did not live in harmony with each other, and we, the children, inherited this situation. Alter's wife, Eva, was a big, aggressive woman, while our mother, Golda, was of medium size, quiet, and not aggressive at all. It appears that Eva was jealous of us. The families were practically not on speaking terms with each other. We lived modestly and spent no money on frills, while they lived extravagantly. Also, Father was completely in charge, while Schneid, although a nice man, was inept and of no help in management or business. Eva Schneid saw it and all around him noticed it.

Next to the dwelling was the mill-house. It contained two old fashioned mills, one stone rotating on top of the other. The farmers in the neighborhood, mostly Ukrainians (the rural population of East Galicia was predominantly Ukrainian) would bring their produce: rye, wheat and corn for milling. Then followed buildings and shops used for the manufacture of special, leather covered chairs (Erste galizische -- Sesselfabrik -- Pierwsza galicyjska fabryka kszesel stylowych). Next was the sawmill which served the purpose of sawing logs into boards to be subsequently used for the chairs. Behind the buildings was a huge lot of many acres, used for storing the logs.

In the early years of my youth, we enjoyed living there on the water. The people were coming to bathe there behind the buildings during the summer and fall months. There was plenty of space to roam around.

The family consisted of the grandmother, Chancie, (mother of our father, her husband had died before we were born) a kindly, pious woman who occupied herself in helping Mother with the house chores, cleaning, baking, etc. (There was also an Ukrainian peasant girl to help out.) Mother Golda, also kind, sometimes angry with us children, because we did not listen and follow her instructions.

Father was always occupied in the plant, supervising and conducting the business. He had only an elementary school education, but was technically inclined, which enabled him to become the head of the enterprise. He was very intelligent, kind and understanding; we did not hear an angry word from him.

He observed religious practices as much as possible, but not fanatically; he knew Hebrew, and occasionally we read together some Hebrew literature, but he was not a Talmudist. He was literary in the Polish and German languages, which he needed when he had to appear before the authorities on official business, and he also could communicate in Ukrainian. Father served three years as a soldier in the Austrian army. I still remember as a young child, he returned from reserve duty with his beard cut off, and Grandmother Chancie complained about it.

(It is worth noting that by the end of the 18th century, the three powers, Russia, Prussia and Austria divided the whole of Poland, in three successive actions, among themselves. Russia, of course, grabbed the biggest part; Austria annexed Galicia. Since that time, the German language and culture became very popular there. In addition to Polish, we had to learn in the public schools German and Ukrainian. However, the administration and judiciary, etc. were in the hands of the Poles. The rural population was mostly Ukrainian in East Galicia and Polish in West Galicia; the Jewish population was concentrated mostly in the cities. Because of its similarity to Yiddish, Jews were leaning more to German. Jewish women of the “enlightened” class were proud to be able to quote Schiller, Goethe and Heine by heart.)

We were five children; the oldest, Dora, was a quiet, studious girl. On conclusion of public school, she studied privately with tutors and passed exams to become a teacher in elementary school. During the First World War (1914-1918), she attended the famous “Pädagogium” in Vienna where the chief rabbi of Vienna, Dr. Chayes, and Dr. Salo Baron (now Professor for Jewish Studies at Columbia University) were teaching. When I spent the war years in Budapest (see later), I asked her to come and see me there (I believe in 1917). After the war, when I studied in Vienna, we lived for a time together in the same apartment. After I got married, she returned to Bolechow, and later married Moses Altman (a relative of one of our partners, Hersch Altman); the young man was employed for a time in our establishment as an accountant. Later they moved to Kalisz (not far from Bolechow); they had two girls. The family perished during the Holocaust.

I was the second in line, but will talk about myself later.

Balka was the third child, the second girl, a lively and good-natured soul. After completion of public school, she continued her education with tutors, but she was not the kind that would apply herself to studies. Later she became a leader in the Zionist youth movement and married a friend from the same movement, Moses Mehring. They lived in Czystohowa, Poland. In time,

they became estranged and she divorced him. Balka returned to Bolechow, and then married another fellow in Skole. They also perished in the Holocaust. The same fate awaited our parents.

The fourth in line was Ryfcia, a very bright and intelligent girl. She was of dark complexion and we called her, affectionately, “die Schwarze”. After the First World War she made her eight years gymnasium and matura (without matura one could not enter a university) in Stryj, completed her university studies in Lemberg (Lwow since 1918 under the Polish regime), got her Ph.D. and Teacher’s Diploma, and became a high school (gymnasium) teacher in Wlodzimierz/Wolynski. She married a high school teacher, Mojzesz Landsberg, and gave birth to a boy. The Holocaust also took care of them.

My kid brother, Joseph, was the youngest and the darling of the family. He was a handsome, good-looking, tall boy. As a young child, he had blond locks. Once he got hold of scissors and cut them. We had to take him to the barber to finish the job. His name was Joseph Samuel, after the paternal grandfather, the deceased husband of Grandma Chancie. After the completion of 8 years gymnasium and matura, he studied engineering in Vienna. Then he returned to Bolechow, helped Father in technical matters and married a local girl. He and his wife [Rachel] perished in the Holocaust.

Sometime in 1902 or 1903 a fire destroyed all our buildings; the property was burned completely to the ground. We all, and the Schneid family, hardly escaped with our lives; Mother even was burned on the face. Everything was lost. It was arson. The rumor was that the arsonist was hired by the competition. He was jailed, but the damage was done. Meanwhile, we moved to a house owned by our other grandmother, Pesie Diengott, located also on the main street, Mickiewicza Street, on the other side of the bridge passing over the Sukiel river, not far from the Streifer family house. There was no room for eight additional persons, and besides that, Grandma had her own family. Aunt Rachel was already married and lived in her own apartment (Shalom Wieseltier, now in Israel, is the offspring). Aunt Ryfcia was still a young girl (later she married Leibish Goldfisher, and the offspring are Shalom (Sol) and Sioma (Seymour) Gold in this country). There was Uncle Mayer who later married Zuzia Schwarzberg (the offspring is Daniel Diengott, now in Israel). There was also Uncle Moses, the youngest of Grandma Pesie’s family whom Father “took off the streets” and made a “mensch” out of him. Father sent him to Lemberg to represent our firm. Later he moved to Germany, made a fortune together with his wife, and escaped in time from Hitler to Palestine; his two daughters are now in Israel. To support her family, Grandma Pesie ran a grocery store with the help of Aunt Ryfcia and her second husband, “der Alter”, as we called him. His family name was Diesendruck; I remember his nephew was a famous writer in Palestine.

To accommodate our family, Father rented promptly an apartment not far from the place where our factory used to be, acquired some furniture, clothing and other necessities, and tried to make a new start. To avoid disagreements with the Schneid family, Father decided not to rebuild apartments for the partners for the time being, but left the space empty for an eventuality. Insurance coverage did not supply sufficient funds for rebuilding the factories. To provide for

additional funds, Father looked for additional partners; Hersch Altman and Jacob Kraemar joined us.

To become independent of waterpower and to be free from the freeze in winter, he introduced steam power; in place of revolving stones in the flourmill, he replaced them with American rollers. With the steam engine there was enough power to run the sawmill with a half dozen or more saw blades.

Later, after a number of years, when I was already attending the gymnasium in Stryj, we moved to Grandma Pesie's house. Her own children were out; they gave up the store and moved to a small house behind the big one. We moved to Mickiewicz Street, near the Streifer house.

Now it is time to start talking about myself. I was born on January 6, 1894 in the old place near the water channel. I was named Schülim after my maternal grandfather, the deceased husband of Grandma Pesie. When I was a little baby, about 2 years old, the family was telling me, I was spending my time in the big kitchen of ours where the Ukrainian farmers used to while around in the winter months, talking and waiting for their products to be milled. They smoked their pipes. Of course, I was jealous of their smoking. So, when the family was not looking, they filled a pipe for me, lighted it and enjoyed themselves watching me smoking. They called me "lehkij robitnik", "light worker" (one who does not exert himself).

When I reached the age of three, I was sent to "cheder" (old-fashioned Hebrew school) for very young children where I learned the Hebrew alphabet and the rudiments of Bible and Talmud. In the few years that I spent there, and at that young age, I could not learn and absorb much. At the age of seven (1901) I entered the Jewish elementary school.

(There were very few Jewish elementary schools in Galicia; they were called Baron Hirsch schools in which they taught general subjects (the three R's) the first four years). One of the cities was Bolechow. The director of the school in the years 1859-1864 was the famous Hebrew writer and philosopher, Dr. Shlomo Rubin. The school is described in the book, "Sefer Hazikaron L'kidushei Bolechow" ספר הזכרון לקדושה בוליהוב – Memorial Book for the Martyrs of Bolechow 1957 (published in Israel). In this book is the history of Bolechow (told by Dr. Mishel Handel), also the story of the Jewish school. There are to be found many contributions by natives from Bolechow about life in Bolechow, the Holocaust, in Hebrew and Yiddish; among the writers is Frieda Brawer-Pordes (a cousin of Ann's). There are photographs of Zionist youth groups, among them of my sisters, Rycia and Balka, and of my future wife, Ann. The history of Bolechow is based mostly on the memoirs of "Ber Bolechower" (Dov Birkental, born 1723), written in Hebrew. The manuscript got somehow from Bolechow to England and was discovered in 1912 in the library of the London Rabbinical Seminary. It was published in the Hebrew publication Hashiloach in 1912.)

I did not like school, period; I even preferred cheder. Since I was supposed to go to cheder, which was nearby, in the afternoon, I started cutting classes in a few months and instead I went directly to the cheder in the morning. The "melamed" (teacher) did not squeal on me (nobody asked him anyway). When my father met my teacher, Mr. Strauch, one day and asked him how I

am doing in school, he said that he had not seen me for quite a while. Well, it had been discovered, and I was directed to go back to school.

In the second year, I was transferred to the general elementary school. I did not like it either, so I also started to cut classes. This time it lasted only three days. A fellow classmate, Abraham Frey (we will meet him later) who lived nearby came in the afternoon to inquire whether I am ill. I was at that time in the yard and Mother came running with the boy to inquire what it is all about. Well, it was discovered, and I was sent back to school.

In the second or third year, a young woman teacher for some reason or other (possibly I was talking to a fellow classmate) took me to the front of the room and gave me a few strokes with a rod on the back of my legs. I cried and when I reached home, I complained to my parents. My father, who happened to be home, took me immediately to the director of the school. We found him in a tavern, drinking. I pulled up my pants and showed him the markings of the beating. He stated that if Father cared to go to a doctor and he, the doctor, will render a report on the case, the teacher might lose her job. The family decided not to press the case, but Father said that Mother and Grandma Pesie should go over to the teacher and give her a piece of their minds. Meanwhile the news got around, possibly the director let the teacher know. When Mother, Grandma and myself reached the teacher's house, she was expecting us. The teacher had a sister who was teaching in the girls school (our schools were not coeducational). Both sisters fell almost to their knees, kissed Mother's and Grandma's hands and begged them for forgiveness. Our ladies told the teacher in no uncertain terms, that that was not the way to treat children. The case was closed.

Nothing else happened in public school. I remember that Abraham Frey and Elias Orenstein attended the same school, but we were mere acquaintances. My marks were improving from year to year and in the end were fairly good.

In the afternoon, I used to go to a modern Hebrew school where I learned conversational Hebrew. The teachers there were Spiegel and Neumark. I remember vividly, when Theodor Herzl, the founder of political Zionism, died in 1904, the school arranged a memorial service for him. This fact clearly stuck in my mind. I remember only one girl in my Hebrew class, Bincia Nemlich. She was able to save herself from the Holocaust, together with Dora Szuster.

One could enter gymnasium after completion of four years of public school, but I stayed to finish six years. So did others, like Frey and Orenstein. I had a reason. The family was debating whether I should become a public school teacher like Uncle Mayer or my sister Dora, or I should aspire higher. It was decided for the second choice.

Uncle Mayer took me to Stryj and entered me for the entrance examination for gymnasium. I passed. Uncle then bought me the special cap that students were obliged to wear and left me with Mr. and Mrs. Reich (probably distant relatives). Mrs. Reich owned a millinery store, while Mr. Reich was employed by a large company as an accountant. Uncle Mayer asked them to buy me the special uniform as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I went the next day to the class in civilian clothes. So, my career in gymnasium has been launched.

Gymnasium Years

At this time, it should be noted that not every one of the Jewish middle class boys was going to gymnasium. It was connected with difficulties. First, one had to pass an entrance exam. Then, the boy had to be placed with a Jewish family or relatives in Stryj or other city where there was a gymnasium, which was expensive. I have in my possession a photo of 16-18 year old boys with their hats on. They were my friends from the “cheder” days who never went to the gymnasium. After completion of public school (mostly Jewish), they received some additional tutoring by an intelligent individual (like Lothringer) in German literature, letter writing, bookkeeping, etc. I used to meet them when I accompanied Father during vacation time to “shul” (synagogue) on Saturdays. Compare this photo with those I have taken with some of my friends in gymnasium, with Abraham Hruszowski and David Kreppel in the fourth year, and Abraham Frey and Nussenblatt in the fifth year.

Osias Schachter, another of my “shul” friends is missing in the “hat” picture. He was anxious to get some education and asked me whether I was willing during vacation time to give him lessons. He was ambitious. He wanted to study the lessons of the subjects given in gymnasium, privately, and then go to Stryj and undergo the exams. He probably was getting up at 5 a.m., and reached my house at 6 a.m. I was living at that time about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away from him. We worked on Latin, Polish Literature, History, etc. We tried only one vacation period, and then gave it up. He realized it; it is useless. As a reward, he gave me the Zionist Congress speeches of Herzl and Max Nordau.

(We met him later, when I was studying in Vienna in the years 1918-1922, after the First World War. He established himself there as a dealer and importer of clothing material (the same business they had in Bolechow); he prospered. Later he went back to Bolechow and got himself a bride, the daughter of one of our partners, Jacob Kraemer. She was the granddaughter of a man who was famous in the city for his intelligence and learning. They lived in Vienna until the advent of Hitler, and came to New York, via Cuba, with the two daughters. Here he established himself in the same business, as an importer of English materials. One of his daughters, Ruth, (I was the first one in Bolechow to name a daughter “Ruth”) seems to have inherited the genes of her great-grandfather. Her picture was in the N.Y. Times when she graduated from Barnard College. She married a Morgenthau, the son of the former Secretary of the Treasury and a brother of the Attorney General in Manhattan. Mrs. Roosevelt was present at her wedding. It must have been very orthodox, because “Shyye” (Schachter) has become more orthodox than ever. Dr. Ruth Schachter Morgenthau has been a professor for years at Brandeis U. and has been recently (1978) appointed U.S. Representative to the United Nations Commission for Social Development.)

I spent the nicest time of my youth during the seven years (1907-1914) I was in gymnasium. I was a shy, retiring introvert. In the course of years I grew, matured, and gained self-confidence. After a few years staying with the Reich family, I made myself independent. I rented a room with my friends, David Kreppel (also from Bolechow) and Abraham Hruszowski (see photo) and settled there. After some time Dave moved out; he and Abe did not agree; I remained with Abe.

Furthermore, I made very good progress within a couple of years in the school. I moved to the top of the class. Some Jewish boys were poor in Polish pronunciation, and they had to work on it. The relationship of the teachers (we called them professors) to the Jewish students was mostly correct.

The gradings in Polish (Austrian) gymnasiums were as follows:

1. Celujacy – Excellent
2. Bardzodobry – Very Good
3. Dobry – Good
4. Dostateczny – Satisfactory
5. Niedostateczny – Not Satisfactory (Failed)

I usually was in the first two brackets. In the fifth year, I received an unusual grade for Latin:

Celujacy ze szczegolnem zamilowaniem;
Excellent with special distinction.

There were two gymnasiums in Stryj, one called “glowne” and the other called “filia”. It so happened that Kreppel, Hruszowski and I were in the filia while Nussenblatt, Frey and Orenstein were in the glowne. Of course, we used to meet each other and exchange information. I remember, in the fifth year I encountered a difficult mathematical problem. I happened to meet Orenstein, and asked him to try to solve it. And so he did solve it. Since then I was convinced that Orenstein was better in math than I was. He was also one of the top students in his class. I submitted the same problem to my prof in math and he did solve it on the blackboard.

(By the way, Orenstein obtained a law doctorate in Vienna at the same time while Ann and I were there, and left for the USA where he had relatives. In New York, he took up law again, and had a small office together with Safirstein and Handel (another couple from Bolechow). Occasionally he used to visit us; he never married. He was a first cousin of Fanny Chandler and the other Adlersheims through his father. In the end, he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and became incapacitated on the left side. His nephew (also a lawyer) and the nephew’s wife took care of his affairs. From the hospital, he was transferred to a rehabilitation center near New York City and we visited him there a few times. We looked up many nursing home to find a suitable one. In time, he was transferred to the one we selected, where we visited him many times, at least once a week, until the end came. We went to the funeral and the unveiling. The nephew said to us, “He took care of everything”.)

Some of the incidents that occurred in the gymnasium years are worth recording:

While we were still in the lower classes, Kreppel and I felt that we did not have exercise needed for physical development. So we registered with Ukrainian Athletic Club for this purpose, as the Jews did not have at that time this kind of facility. The Ukrainians also were nurturing some secret thoughts in their minds that sometime a day may come when they will be liberated from the Poles and the Austrians. But we felt strange in this environment, and after a term (half year), we dropped out.

There was the Freilich case. There was always latent anti-Semitism in the air; we felt it in official business, in the offices, in elementary schools, in gymnasiums; the Poles ruled the waves, although it was an Austrian province. Moses Freilich was in the sixth or seventh class, an excellent student in the “celujacy” group. There was in our gymnasium a Catholic priest who was assigned to teach religion there; he looked like a great anti-Semite. Of course, there was also a Greek Catholic Ukrainian priest for Greek Catholic religion and a Jewish prof (Bernfeldt, who had a famous brother in Germany) for Jewish religion. The Catholic priest looked upon the Jews as “Christ-killers”. Once it happened that he received the assignment to chase the students out of the classrooms for recreation. Freilich remarked to a fellow student, a Gentile boy, “Your priest is an awful man”. The student related this to the priest. Thereafter, the teachers were immediately called by the priest to a meeting to handle this special case. The priest construed it that Freilich insulted the Catholic religion with the result that he was expelled from all gymnasiums in Galicia except one distant place. Freilich got some help and instruction from other Jewish students and prepared himself to pass the exams in this place, but he failed. He lost one year and then was permitted to return to our gymnasium.

Now my case with the prof in the corridor and the prof in the classroom. I was in the corridor when I should have been in the yard for recreation. I don’t remember why I was there, maybe I forgot something in the classroom and went back for it. Another prof found me there and addressed me in an unpolite manner. I answered in the same manner. He took me to the director. First, the prof made the complaint and then I told my story. The director asked me for my name, looked up my record in the record book and dismissed me, while he kept the prof. When I returned to the classroom, the students gave me an ovation. Another time, the regular prof of history could not come to the class and asked another prof to substitute for him. He seems to have addressed me in an unpolite manner. I answered in the same manner. When the regular history prof came next time to the class, he only said, “one of you behaved like a coachman (furman)”. I immediately got up and told him the story. He only remarked that some profs don’t know how to behave with their students. By nature I was not arrogant or audacious, but I felt I should be treated with respect. Most of them did.

We got along well with our fellow Gentile students, even some friendships were struck up, for example between Kreppel and Wesolowski. In class they sat near each other. In the years 1923-1925, I was acting as science teacher in a Jewish gymnasium in Kalisz (near the German border). To my amazement, I found there a commandant of police by the name of Wesolowski. I made sure that it is the same guy whom I knew from Stryj as the friend of Kreppel. When I visited him, the first question he asked was, “How is my friend “Dufcis” (David – this is the way his mother called him) Kreppel?”

When our director has been transferred to another gymnasium in another city, a senior prof asked me to prepare a send-off speech before his departure. I did it. I inserted the point that he was very tolerant of students’ weakness and leaned over backwards when they occurred. The prof asked me to stress this point particularly and to put emphasis on it. I understood the prof well. The school uncovered some secret society (Zionist) among the Jewish students, and of

course, this was forbidden (more about this later). The prof asked me not to read the speech but to address the director from memory, which I did. I had no difficulty committing the speech to memory; I was used to memorizing long verses of Greek, Latin, also from German and Polish literature.

I should also mention that in about the fourth year the prof for Greek was all mixed up; his mind was not on teaching; it seems he had some domestic troubles with his wife, and in the end he killed himself. I warned Kreppel to work by himself and do all the exercises in grammar and translation, but to no avail. When we reached the upper classes, he was weak in Greek all the following years. I was good in it and even read extra-curricularly some dialogues of Plato. I should mention some of the profs whom I remember with affection: Sokolowski, who gave me the special grade for Latin in the fifth year; Grasela for Polish Literature who addressed me always with respect; and particularly Dr. Max Bienenstock for German. He was a short man, with a hunchback, but when he walked into the classroom, he commanded respect and attention. He taught German, but we also learned from him comparative world literature. He taught us to think. I remember still today his lecture on esthetics. We read a chapter in the book, "Der Strassburger Dome ist Erhaben" ("The Strassburg Dome is Magnificent"). He asked what the word "erhaben" means and elicited answers from us. He used the Socratic method of questions and answers. I remember, he wrote a book in two volumes: "Das Jüdische Element in Heines Werken" ("The Jewish Element in the Works of Heine"). The book was exhibited in bookshops for everybody to see. He was not hiding his Jewishness like other Jewish profs did.

I want to mention one student whom I remember with special affection, Mishel Vogel. He was a class or two higher than us, a brilliant student, but weak in math, also from Bolechow. We did not know anything about his family. He was gentle, shy, retiring, kept to himself. We found out later that his father was in America. His distinction was that he was a student of the classics, Greek and Latin, and spent all his free time on them reading and studying. The rumor was that at matura (the final exam on finishing eight years gymnasium without which one could not enter a university), Vogel offered to translate Greek into Latin and vice versa.

(After the First World War 1914-1918, he left with his family for America. We lost contact with him. When we were in Palestine, I do not remember how we got his address in Pittsburgh. I wrote him there and took a chance asking for a loan of \$100 (we needed additional money for traveling to America). In no time, we received a check for \$100 and an additional check for Ruth for \$10, a Hanukkah gift. When we came to New York and started earning money, we paid all the loans back, without exception. Vogel (he assumed his father's family name, Fassberg) came once, years ago, to visit us and stayed in our home for a few days, looking for his lost brother. In America, he had to work; we do not know what kind of work he did, attended college at night, and received his B.A. in accounting. He was engaged in this capacity all these years. Whenever I visited Pittsburgh on business, I used to stop and see him in his home. I met his father, an old Jewish man; his mother died some time ago. One sister remained unmarried; the other sister married, had two sons, one a prof of dentistry and the other a brain surgeon. I understand that when Mark was born in Pittsburgh, he handed Jack a \$20 bill. We lost further contact with him.)

Beginning with the fourth year or so, I supported myself fully by tutoring other students, mostly in the same class. Once a prof hired me to teach a student privately Latin and Greek, and the prof was himself teaching the other subjects. Later the prof sued the father of the student for non-payment and took the father to court. I also appeared in court (for the first time) as a witness. Another time, a classmate asked me to come to his living quarters where his parents will be waiting for me. When I came, his parents asked me to tutor the boy (Werner) at any price. They were from out-of-town. It was only a few months before the end of the school year. The parents appeared fine, intelligent, Gentile people, but it was a lost cause. I attempted for a few weeks, and could see that the boy would not make it. I wrote a letter to the parents explaining the situation. The boy stayed for another year in the same class. I also tutored another boy from the same class and his younger sister (Schonfeld). They appeared comfortably rich people, but in the end, they owed me a lot of money in the last year before the war (1914).

Zionist Youth Movement

One day a Jewish student from the upper classes approached me and asked me to come to a certain place without mentioning this to anyone. I did so and found myself within a group of Zionist youth, meeting secretly. I joined them readily. This clandestine organization existed for years before my joining. They called themselves “Zeirei Zion” – Young Zionists; they published a monthly “Moriah”. The headquarters were in Lwow/Lemberg and only members of gymnasiums belonged to it. I remember that one time I read an article published in “Moriah”, written by a Dr. Martin Buber. I did not know at that time who Dr. Buber was, but the article was very impressive. The journal sent out an inquiry to the members asking them to answer the question, “Why did I become a Zionist?” The answers were sent to Buber, and he subjected them to a thorough analysis, point by point. I regret that I did not keep the article; maybe I did keep it, but in the course of many years of moving around the world, it got lost. I predicted at that time that Buber will become a great man someday, and that prediction became a reality. I was surprised that he was writing a beautiful classical Polish. I knew he was at one time an editor of “Die Welt” together with Dr. Herzl, and that he wrote in German. Later, I found out that Buber translated Nietzsche’s “Also Sprach Zarathustra” into Polish.

I eagerly read Zionist literature. I still today remember the impression made on me by a pamphlet of a dozen or so pages, written by Solomon Schiller, pointing out that we represent a 4000-year-old culture, that we should be proud of our inheritance, etc. I read avidly the publications by Pinsker, Hess, and others, the Haskala literature, Herzl’s and Nordau’s papers, etc. We listened to speeches of leading Zionists of the day in Galicia, like Adolf Stand, Dr. Gershon Zipper, and Dr. Leon Reich. They spoke, sometimes in Polish, occasionally in Yiddish, sometimes in German. The German language was in vogue at that time, more than Polish, for the following reasons. First, following Herzl’s lead, all Zionist Congresses were conducted traditionally in German; it was mostly a blend of Yiddish and German, called “Kongress-Deutsch”. Second, the hatred and animosity of the Poles towards the Jews was so blatant, that German was preferred. Of course, anti-Semitism was spreading in Austria, particularly in

Vienna, where the famous anti-Semite, Lueger, was the mayor, and where Hitler spent some time before the war. Dr. Zipper was starting a drive for funds of 100,000 Austrian Kronen to build a gymnasium in Jerusalem in honor of Solomon Schiller, on the model of “Herzliya” in Tel-Aviv. About that time there were elections taking place for the Austrian parliament in Vienna. The Zionists were busy traveling from city to city agitating for their candidate, who I believe was Dr. Reich. The Jewish assimilationists were working for their candidate, Dr. Lowenstein. He made promises to alleviate somewhat the economic life of the Jews in Galicia. So he won. I remember, as an award for his services, Dr. Blumenthal in our town became a “Kaiserlicher Rat” – “Counsellor to the Emperor”. He was a good fellow, the president of the Jewish Community in Bolechow. When asked why he does not call meetings of the Executive Board, he answered jokingly, “When the Kaiser will call me for consultation, I will call you”.

We used to meet secretly: in private homes that were made available to us, in Zionist Clubs, in locals attached to synagogues, etc., in the afternoons, evenings, Saturdays, Sundays. I remember I conducted a course in Hebrew for girls (a lot of giggling). Some outstanding girls come to my mind, like Fried and Kohn. An incident occurred in the course of these activities. A notebook listing the boys belonging to a certain course got into the hands of a teacher in gymnasium. He, in turn, submitted it to the director. They, the students, were in the fourth year, while I, who conducted the course, was in the seventh year. I don’t remember whether my name was there too. The boys were worrying that they might be expelled; in that case, they were thinking of going to Palestine. But nothing happened and the director ignored the case. When the director was leaving our gymnasium, I thanked him indirectly for handling the case in this manner (see above).

In the group of boys were some outstanding individuals who later achieved prominence:

Aryeh Krampner, who openly gave me credit that I made him a Zionist, studied agriculture with me at the Hochschule für Bodenkultur in Vienna, went to Palestine, and became a supervisor of agricultural settlements. He advanced in the hierarchy of the agricultural department and became the second to the minister of agriculture when Israel was established (the actual minister being a political appointee). He visited us when he came for a study trip to the U.S. We also saw him in Israel when we visited there in 1959.

The second was Dr. Michael Handel who became a supervisor of schools in Israel; we saw him also when in Israel in 1959. He wrote the historical part of the Memorial Book for the Martyrs of Bolechow.

The third was Dr. Moses Mehring who married my sister Balka.

Occasionally I used to go to Lwow to represent our chapter in the yearly meetings of our Society. I enjoyed these meetings as I had an occasion to get acquainted with the leaders of our organization. At one time we were surprised by the police. We suspected that someone had squealed on us, but it was not difficult to know about the meeting, as it was always publicized in the “Moriah”. Immediately we removed our jackets and started doing calisthenics. The arranging committee met the police and explained that this is an athletic club. They took the names of the committee and left. We were afraid that they will ask for the names of all those present.

In September 1913, one of my friends, Yeheskel (“Chaskale”) Wohl was in line to become president of our chapter. He was one year ahead of us in school. The next year, either I or Naphtali (Tulo) Nussenblatt were in line for the presidency. The president, with the help of the Executive Committee (consisting of the leaders of the courses), led the chapter. Nussenblatt meanwhile interfered so much with Wohl’s activities, mixing into everything, that Wohl decided to step down and asked me to take over the leadership beginning in 1914. Nussenblatt was an energetic fellow, abrasive, full of “chutzpah”, while Wohl was mild and gentle; they quarreled bitterly. So I moved into the presidency. After the war, when both of them were studying in Vienna, they became reconciled and friends again.

All the time I kept busy with “Zeirei Zion” activities. We organized courses for studying Jewish history, using Graetz’s “History of the Jews” (“Geschichte der Juden”) as a standard reference book; courses for Hebrew; courses for the history of Zionism and its literature, etc. I myself engaged a tutor for Hebrew; I believe his name was Zvi Sharfstein, and when I came to the U.S. I noticed that he was the author of a Hebrew book for children. I joined forces with another friend, Simek Schmorak, who was in a class higher than myself, and studied Hebrew with him. I read Hebrew short stories, Hebrew poems by Bialik, Tchernichovsky, and others; on vacations, I did the same. I became interested in Yiddish classical literature, like Mendeley Mocher Sfarim (the grandfather “zeide” of Yiddish literature), Sholem Aleichim (the father), Perez, Sholem Asch, and others.

The following will serve as an example of our discussions in our “Zeirei Zion” circles. Freilich read a paper about women in the Bible and presented them in a favorable light. Kreppel wanted to appear as an antifeminist. He borrowed Freilich’s paper, and at the next meeting, he criticized it, point by point; he presented them in an unfavorable light. This was educational and enjoyable, and we learned to grow up.

Father was not an active Zionist, but he felt the same way about the condition in the Galuth (Diaspora) as I did -- the humiliation in all offices when he had to appear before Polish authorities representing his business (the Jews were third-rate citizens, the Poles being first and the Ukrainians second); the discrimination in all phases of life, etc. So Father decided in 1912 to visit Israel and find out for himself whether he could establish himself there. I do not know how he managed to free himself from all business obligations and undertake that trip. Mother was also astonished. The partners could not be of great help while he would be away, but they could watch. Father came back after two months and presented an enthusiastic report to the Zionist Club. But when I came home over the weekend, he confided to me that he saw no possibility of establishing himself in Palestine at that time. Industry practically did not exist; he felt that he could not be a farmer at his age. He consulted with Dr. Arthur Ruppin, the leading economist of the Zionist organization living in Palestine, and he also could not advise Father properly. So we felt a great disappointment and decided to postpone our plans for the future, if and when, the conditions will become more favorable.

Uncle Mayer

In 1910 or 1911, Uncle Mayer married a girl in Bolechow, also an elementary school teacher, Zuzia Schwarzberg. They were a good-looking couple, both tall and handsome. Her parents were not orthodox, not strict observers of Jewish rituals. The father was a clerk in the office of a Dr. Kleinberg, a lawyer. Uncle Mayer asked me to bring flowers from Stryj, on Sunday, the day of the wedding. We lived at that time in Grandma Pesie's home, I believe. Grandma, at the last minute, protested against the wedding and refused to attend. She used to observe her future daughter-in-law walking across the street, where was located a Gentile butcher shop with a large pig illustrated on the sign. Then our mother walked over to the little house in the back where Grandma lived, and after much argument persuaded Grandma to attend.

When war broke out in 1914, Uncle Mayer, having been an Austrian soldier before, was promptly mobilized. When we heard that he is still in Stryj, Father and I found a way to travel there. We found him, in spite of the mess and confusion, and talked to him for a short while. We were not permitted to stay longer. He was still in civilian clothes. To make the story short, right in the beginning, he was taken prisoner on the Russian front and sent to Siberia. We have a picture of him while a prisoner of war. There he was adopted by a Russian family (Shimansky), learned English from English soldiers who were stationed there, and also, methodically from a German-English dictionary (Langenscheidt). After the war, instead of returning to Austria, now Poland, he came (via China Sea, Indian Ocean, and Suez Canal) to Palestine. His wife, Zuzia, was not too pleased with the idea of him not coming back. When their boy was born before the war, they called him Zdzich, a rare name even among Poles. Now, Zuzia and Zdzich, about five or six years old, were traveling via Vienna to Palestine. That was in 1921 and I was already married. (Ann was away at the time, accompanying her mother and her brother Joseph back to Bolechow.) They were turned back and at the last minute were not permitted to board the ship for Palestine because of the closing of the Polish quota. Zuzia and the boy stayed with Dr. Kleinberg's daughter; she was proud of having married an officer in the Austrian army, and now Austria was falling apart. Uncle Mayer sent full papers for traveling, and I helped them in the various offices.

When we came to Palestine in 1925, they had already built a beautiful little home in Haifa. He had established himself as a teacher of elementary English in the "Realschule", something like a gymnasium, in Haifa. His book survived about two dozen editions. Every Israeli I met in the U.S. knew the name Diengott, the author of an introductory book to English. Of course, Zuzia was not sorry to have come to Palestine. Zdzich's name was then changed to Daniel. In no time she brought there her three sisters; they made a new life for themselves. Zuzia, and later Mayer, have already passed away. Daniel and his wife Aliza have two daughters, Nilli and Dalia.

Girls in My Youth

Now about the girls in my youth. With the ones I met in my courses in Stryj, I formed no friendships. There developed for a while a friendly relationship between Wohl and Fried, but nothing came of it. There were of course many girls in Bolechow, and I used to meet them occasionally and greet them in a friendly manner, but did not associate with them socially. Some of them were neighbors. I became friendly with three girls who lived on the same street where I did, Mickiewicza St., when we moved to Grandma Pesie's house. The three girls were friendly with each other: Ann (Chanala) Streifer, Frieda (Frymka) Brawer, and Lorka Koral. Ann and Frymka were cousins, Ann's father and Frymka's mother being brother and sister. Frymka lived in a house behind Ann's house; Lorka Koral lived diagonally across the street. Lorka was related to me, being a granddaughter of Kowe Koral, a brother of my Grandma Pesie. We used to meet the girls in the city park, mostly in Ann's home and other places. We addressed them as Panna (Miss) and they addressed us as Pan (Mr.). We never forgot our manners. I remember when in 1911 I entered the fifth class, I had a chat with Mrs. Streifer, my future mother-in-law. She was complaining that it is very difficult for Ann to study privately with tutors, memorize all these subjects, travel to Stryj, and undergo these exams. I understood the situation.

The Streifers rented a concession for tobacco and lottery; they were government monopolies given usually to a widow of a government official. Ann was helping out in the place. We students used that opportunity to call on Ann and chat for a while. For a time, during vacation, Abe Frey stayed longer than usual. I thought, this is it, she seems to like him, but nothing happened. Then, in another summer, Abe's younger brother, was visiting Ann longer than usual. He was a good-looking boy, better looking than his brother, Abe. Again, nothing happened. All this time I felt jealous, but I did not dare to push myself. Of the three girls, only Ann appealed to me. I felt that she was a fine person, kind, intelligent, pretty, pleasant, and smart. But I did not know how she felt about me. And there was always Kreppel around.

A Few Words on the Fate of My Gymnasium Friends

Tulo Nussenblatt earned a doctorate in law in Vienna, settled in Warsaw, published studies on Herzl; he perished in the Warsaw Ghetto.

Wohl earned a doctorate in medicine in Vienna, settled in Warsaw; he too perished in the Warsaw Ghetto.

Kreppel earned a doctorate in law in Vienna, married and settled there. He escaped from Hitler to Palestine. He died there. We received some time ago a marriage announcement from his daughter, and I sent her a gift.

While in Israel in 1959, I saw Abe Hruszowski. He saved himself through Russia to Palestine.

Abe Frey died in Vienna.

II. The War Years (World War I)

Arrival in Hungary

World War I broke out on July 28, 1914, and we were ushered into a new era. General mobilization was declared in the land, and all reservists, including Uncle Mayer, were called to the colors. War was started in earnest. We, in Bolechow, were near the Russian border, and we watched infantry and artillery, drawn by horses, passing by. Sometimes they stopped, and we accommodated them overnight. The news, filtering down to us, was not encouraging. The Austrian army, composed of many nationalities, did not cover itself with glory, and had to be saved by the Germans. The Austrians retreated, and Galicia, including Bolechow, was occupied by the Russians. The front zigzagged back and forth. Many families took advantage of these changes in the front, and saved themselves by running south towards the Hungarian border.

One day, Father said, “Let us go”, and we, Father, Mother, and the five children, started walking in the direction of Skole, taking very few belongings with us. When evening approached, we stopped at an inn and spent the night there, sleeping on the floor. At daybreak we continued to walk (probably more than 20 kilometers) until we reached Aunt Ryfcia’s home. We stayed there only a day or two to rest, and the family then continued by train towards the Hungarian border. I was left behind, for fear that they may grab me for induction into the army, but it turned out that the fear was groundless.

The family, after some stops on the way to consult with friends whom Father knew from Bolechow, finally landed in Újpest, near Budapest, where Father had some friends whom he also knew from Bolechow. This friend’s son immigrated to Hungary some years ago, achieved a superior foreman’s position there and brought over his parents. The friend’s son arranged for living quarters for our family and got a light job for Father, possibly also for Brother Joseph, in the leather factory, probably assorting some leather goods.

When I arrived some days later in Újpest, the family was already established in the apartment. We got some furniture, some clothing; the friend’s son and wife were very helpful (I regret I do not recall their name). He also had ready a job for me. The living quarters were poor, the earnings were equally poor, but at least we had a roof over our heads, and we saved ourselves from the Russian occupation. I remember vividly the Passover in 1915, reciting the Hagadah. The mood was very subdued. I was due the following day to appear before the military authorities for examination (immediately after arrival in Újpest, I registered with the police department). Of course, I was found fit to be a soldier, but I had to wait until I was called for army duty. Meanwhile time passed, Galicia became freed from the Russians (1915), and most of the people went back to their respective homes, including my family. I rented a room from a Jewish family and moved in.

Leather Factory

The leather factory belonged to two brothers, “Mr. Dori (Theodor) and Mr. Feri (Ferdinand)”. The relationship to the workers was paternalistic (on a first name basis), but the pay was very poor, as mentioned before. The name of the company was Wolfner Gyula és Társa (Julius Wolfner & Co.). They employed about 2,000 workers. We started work at 7 am and finished at 5 pm; if necessary, we stayed later; on Saturday we worked until 2 pm. If it should happen occasionally that any of the brothers, Mr. Dori or Mr. Feri should be there at 7 am, and the clerk a minute or two late in arriving, there would be quite a “row”. Mr. Feri could not use his legs, and a fellow specially assigned to this job would wheel him. When he or his brother would find a little horn separated from the pile, there would be quite a “noise”; they were strict taskmasters. They were Jewish Barons, but thoroughly assimilated.

I was assigned to the “raw hides” department. There we supervised the unloading of the hides from the railroad cars, and were kept busy with examination for any blemishes, their classification, weighing in comparison with the weight given by the supplier, etc. All this was entered into a book designated for that purpose. I learned from the workers, and in time became an “expert” on hides. The workers were from all parts of Hungary: Hungarians, Poles, Slovaks, Czechs, Germans, etc. I learned conversational Hungarian, and spoke with the Poles in Polish, and with the Germans in German. It was interesting to note that the Germans originating from two different villages in Hungary, spoke different dialects, and they could communicate with each other only if they spoke the literary language.

My boss was a Mr. Thiel, a German. I don’t think he had had any education higher than elementary school, and he seems to have had respect for education; after all, I had behind me seven years gymnasium. In general, he was a nice man and we got along well. This developed later. At the beginning, he resented me and reproved me now and then. I objected to it, and was “fresh” to him. It seems, he complained to the director of the operation, a Mr. Vago, a stern, tall man. When the director visited our department next time, he called me into the office and gave me such a “reprove” that I felt sick after that. He just told me that I can clear out of here if I don’t change my habits, and they would not miss me. From then on, I was docile and avoided any arguments with Thiel, only business. There was only one thing I did to him; I did not greet him with a “Guten Morgen”, and also omitted saying “Gute Nacht” on leaving for home. Well, one day in the afternoon, several railroad cars with hides arrived, and they had to be unloaded on the same day. I was the lowest in rank in the department and my job, I knew it, was to supervise the unloading no matter how long it took. I had theater tickets for that evening so I dared to approach Thiel and told him the story. He responded, “I am no good for “Guten Morgen” and “Gute Nacht”, but I am good for relieving you and letting you go to the theater, but go and enjoy the show”. From then on we were good friends till I was called to the army early in 1918.

I started with a monthly salary of 80 Austrian Kronen (one dollar at that time was equal to five Austrian Kronen). Later we organized into a union and demanded adequate remuneration; at the end, I was receiving 380 Kronen. While I was in the army, they paid half my salary.

A Mr. Farago, a high executive in the Home Office in Budapest, used to visit our department occasionally. He came when a shipment of hides arrived which he wanted to inspect. The workers spread the hides in front of him, and one of us helped in the evaluation. I believe he was Jewish.

There was also in our department, a Mr. Opfermann, a German in his late fifties who related to me comradely. It was said of him that he was once a big executive in the company, but he committed some improprieties some time ago. It was rumored that he used building materials belonging to the company, erected a building with them using workers to do it on company time. Instead of dismissing him (as he was a very long time employee), they “degraded” (demoted) him to the position I was serving in, in “The Raw Hides Department”.

The second in command in our department was a Mr. Henfeld, a Jewish young man, but he had nothing to do with Jewishness. He was interested in his girlfriend, and all he cared for is having fun. We got along well with each other (see group photo 1918 before departure to the army).

It is worth noting as to how the payment was made to the workers in our department, as far as I know. The calculations were made according to the number of pieces handled in the previous week; so and so much for each hide unloaded, so and so much for each hide examined and inspected, etc., etc. The total sum was divided by the number of workers and also by the number of days each of them worked. The ones that were coming and going, received the minimum wage; the “old timers”, the favorites who worked there for many years, were receiving the maximum wage, and whatever was the overflow for that week. It was up to the full discretion of Mr. Thiel. If he happened to be absent, Henfeld did the same.

I should mention also another fellow who worked with us for a short time only, Putz Jenő (Eugene). He was subject to draft by the military, and could not qualify as an expert to be exempt. One Passover I was invited by him to spend the first Hagadah evening with his family. The father conducted a fully orthodox Seder, which I enjoyed and with which I was familiar. After some time he was drafted into the army. Later, when I also joined the army early in 1918, he took leave from his regiment and traveled all the way from Hungary to Żurawica or Radymno in Galicia (near Przemyśl) to see me. Later, when I was in Vienna for study, he visited us in 1921 on the way to America. We never attempted to find him here. On arrival in this country, we faced so many problems of readjustment, and later we just neglected to do anything about it.

The situation in our department was, to say it mildly, appalling. We worked in a building without floors; there was only a partition for the office. The hides were usually delivered in a salted condition, and we worked all the time deep in salt -- no heat in the winter, and a sweltering, heavy air in the summer. In winter, we worked with gloves, with a pencil in our hands, writing down the weights and blemishes, plenty of flies and other insects in the summer. There was not enough space in the main building, so we rented some storage buildings in another place, also with a railroad siding. I worked sometimes in the main building, other times in the “filia” (subsidiary). The stench there was unbearable. Some soldiers visited us occasionally, and stated that they would never, under no conditions, care to work here, but would prefer to be at

the front. Once I wanted to buy theater tickets to a show. I worked in the filia, and no one else was there, only the workers. I told them I had to go to the main building, hopped on a trolley car, went to Pest to buy the tickets and returned the same way. I was dressed in a long raincoat to cover my appearance from top to bottom, but the people were moving away from me, and I remained isolated in the car. It was obvious that an unpleasant odor emanated from me. Usually we changed clothes before leaving for home in the evening. I was wondering whether in the future, I would suffer from rheumatism, being in a moist atmosphere summer and winter, but it seems it did not harm me. Being very often outside in the winter while supervising the unloading of wagons with raw skins, I suffered from frostbite on my fingers, and I had to be treated in the hospital. Of course, in time, I learned to protect myself.

Henig Silberschlag & Gymnasium Exams

Soon I discovered that I am not alone in Budapest. Others took refuge there too. It came to my attention that a colleague of mine from gymnasium, Henig Silberschlag, is there. Of course, I knew him very well. He lived in Stryj, and I used to visit him often in his home. He was a first cousin of Ann Streifer, his mother Blimci, and Ann's mother, Miriam, being sisters. He used to come occasionally to Bolechow in vacation times. The reason I did not mention him before is that he was not as close to me as the other friends, Wohl, Nussenblatt, Kreppel or Hruszowski. He was also one of the top students in our class. You can readily imagine how elated I was about this discovery. "I am not alone. I have a comrade in arms". On Sundays, I visited him, and we spent some time together. We also found out in time that Luska Kohn, whom we knew from Zeirei Zion circles, is also in Budapest. We two used to visit Luska on Sundays. When Galicia became free from the Russian invasion, the Kohns moved back to Stryj. Then Luska went to Vienna to finish her gymnasium studies and register at the University.

The Silberschlags rented a room from a family in an apartment house in Budapest. The father, David, went back to Stryj with his younger son, Eisig, who was a student in the lower classes of gymnasium; they stayed with a relative; their older brother, Calyk (Bezallel), was serving as a soldier in the medical corps, having been a student of medicine before; the mother, Blimci, stayed in Budapest for a while, and then she also joined the family in Stryj.

Meanwhile, Silberschlag and I formed a close friendship (see our photo of 1916) – [Editor's note: photo not found.] We decided to do something about our interrupted gymnasium studies. We wrote to Vienna and obtained the necessary books for the eighth class. As long as I was subject to exemption, I was free from military duties, and Silberschlag was also free. So we felt we could start working on our studies. We started working in earnest, preparing ourselves for the exams. I asked Mr. Vago and Mr. Thiel for permission to work only half a day for some months until I get through; they kindly consented. I was traveling every afternoon by trolley, and we "plowed" into it. For Latin we learned Virgil and its "meter" as well as Tacitus, for Greek some dialogues of Plato, Math, Psychology, History, German Literature, Polish Literature, and what not. We worked hard. We applied to the Educational Commission of Galicia, which at that time, because of the Russian invasion, was located somewhere in an obscure town in Czechoslovakia,

for permission to have our examinations take place either in Vienna, where they had a Polish gymnasium, or in Stryj, where they opened one gymnasium, the “glowne”. We had no papers to document our claims that we were students of the seventh class, and are entitled to the eighth class and matura, the evidence being probably in their possession. We did not hear from them for a long time. We decided then that I should investigate. I went on the journey and experienced great difficulties: poor connections, soldiers traveling back and forth, impossible to get tickets, sleeping in stations, etc. Finally, I reached the place, and they told me that the reply went out already, giving permission to have the exams in Stryj. I returned to Budapest finding the same obstacles on the return trip. The papers were there, in Silberschlag’s hands.

I again asked for leave, Mr. Vago making me promise that, on return, I will show him the certificates. Silberschlag did not work at that time anymore; I don’t remember what kind of work he did altogether. We traveled to Stryj, and tried to orient ourselves.

In Stryj, we discovered that they also opened our gymnasium, the “filia”. We went to the glowne and asked that our papers, which meanwhile arrived there, be transferred to the filia. At the beginning, they objected; after a while, they consented to do so. We were happy with this development. The profs in the glowne were strangers to us, but those in the filia have known us for years. Before the exams started, we tried to contact the profs privately. The prof of history (Zypowski) asked us whether we made some money on the war (Jews were supposed to make money on wars!), but later, in the exams, he did not cause us any trouble. Prof Talisman, who usually taught Latin, but this time, being a Jew, was assigned to question us on religion, asked us to read up on Maimonides. The other profs assured us not to worry. Grasela greeted us with the pronouncement, “Our best students have returned.”

First, we had to be questioned on all subjects of the eighth class. This we did on the first day. I had the feeling that the profs wanted to pass us without questioning much. After all, they knew us for so many years. The following day was matura. The student was questioned on four subjects: either Latin or Greek (we selected Latin), History, Polish Literature, and Math. The procedure was as follows; the student could not bring along any dictionary or lexicon, or any other books. The problem was given to him, and he was left for 15 minutes alone to think about it; after this lapse of time, he should start solving the problem or answering the question. Of the whole thing, I remember only Latin; I got a page from Tacitus that I never saw before. It should be remembered that Tacitus (a Roman historian) has a very difficult style, which is not easy to follow. When I started reading the first sentence, I could not make any sense out of it. But, slowly it became clear to me, and when the prof returned, I was ready for him. We passed matura. I returned to Budapest (Újpest) and showed Mr. Vago the certificates, to which he nodded approvingly. I believe that Silberschlag stayed in Stryj.

Silberschlag later told me that he went to Lwow and registered in the medical department of that university. In 1916, he transferred to the University of Vienna. He felt that he should not waste time, and since he was free from military service, he should accomplish something. He traveled to Vienna via Budapest, and stopped there to see me, which I appreciated. In return, whenever I had any free time, on vacations, etc., I used to travel to Vienna and visit him.

In Vienna, Silberschlag met again with Luska Kohn, and they became friendly with each other. I even thought that they would get married. I took a picture with them, March 1918, just before I joined the army in April. Nothing happened. In the fall of 1918, when I was in the hospital in Przemyśl while in the army, she unexpectedly visited there with an officer; she probably heard from Nussenblatt, who was serving in the same regiment, that I am there. Some months later, when I was already studying in Vienna, I learned from Wohl that Luska and her husband have come to town, and we will meet in a Kaffeehaus, which they designated. We arrived there; the husband looked like a young, prosperous businessman, who examined us suspiciously. Since then we lost track of her, but I remember her as a nice, fine person.

Streifer Family

I must digress now to say something about the Streifer family. When they escaped from the Russian invasion, they made their way through Budapest to Vienna, where they had some relatives. In 1915 they returned to Bolechow, like all people did. In the meantime, their son, Henig, was called to the army, and was killed in 1916 on the Russian front. He was only 19 years old. The parents were heartbroken, and mourned long after this happened. The father, Mr. Wolf Streifer, corresponded with the Austrian War Department in an attempt to bring the remains to Bolechow for burial, but was not successful to accomplish it. The loss of Henig was a terrible shock to the whole Streifer family, but one has to continue living. Ann's older brother, Aron, and her younger brother, Joseph, were also serving in the army. They have had enough suffering to lose one member, a young life, in the family.

Mr. Streifer was not a very strong person, but a fine, intelligent, self-educated man who had very good command of the German and Polish languages. Across the street lived a retired colonel of Polish descent who one time served in the Austrian army. Often the colonel walked across the street, and engaged Mr. Streifer in a chat about local and general politics. They had a big orchard with fruit trees, and the Streifer boys were always invited in summertime to help themselves. A daughter of the colonel was giving Ann lessons on the piano. It was a friendly relationship.

In 1916 Ann Streifer went to Vienna to continue her studies. I used to meet her there. I remember, on one occasion in 1917 we met in a Kaffeehaus with friends, like Eliezer Rieger, Shlomo Horowitz, Tulo Nussenblatt, and others, whom I knew from Zeirei Zion days when we used to meet in Lwow. Rieger and Horowitz registered in the Theological Seminary as students to become rabbis, and so were free from the draft; Nussenblatt reached already at that time the grade of lieutenant. Rieger made a joke, and declared that he knows who will be the future Mrs. Laufer. He will write it on a piece of paper, but asked that we should open it after the company has left. We opened the paper later, which said in Polish, "Twoja zona bedzie Pani Lauferowa", "Your name will be Mrs. Laufer". This is a play of words in the Polish language, a pun. A gentleman's name is Pan Laufer, Pan Streifer; a lady's name is Mrs. Laufer, Mrs. Streifer, in Polish – Pani Lauferowa, Pani Streiferowa.

At that time we did not pay much attention to it and we considered it a joke. But as I thought of it, possibly it is not a joke, especially when Ann gave me a picture of herself. She had developed into a beautiful, young lady. I believe, she wrote on it, "To my friend", but I cannot find the copy with the inscription. Possibly the inscription was only a dream. I cherished the picture and carried it with me throughout the years, and now copies were made from it.

I know that friends of Silberschlag, medical students, were interested in her. One of them by the name of Czaczkes (the same name that the Nobel Prize winner, Agnon, had originally) was courting her, and he told me so himself when I was studying in Vienna, but nothing happened. Providence kept her for me, until I was ready. But now, in wartime, any time being ready to be called to the army, with an unsure future, I did not dare to court her. I considered her as a friend in whom I could confide, and to whom I could pour out my inner thoughts.

Life in Hungary

Now, about my life in Hungary. The Latin proverb says, "Carpe diem" – enjoy the day, and I did so, not thinking what the future will bring. Saturday afternoons, I took occasionally a boat ride to Buda, across the Danube, to enjoy an evening with my Gentile friends, from the same factory. We spent the time in a beer garden, having supper and drinking wine; they tried to make me drunk, refilling my glass continuously, but they did not succeed. I kept the glass all this time filled to the brim. The return back home late in the night, with boats passing by and the lights shining on both sides of river, was very enjoyable.

Of my Jewish friends, I became particularly chummy with Simon Fabian, a young man from the same factory, who had a good command of German. (See the 1916 photo with Putz, myself, and Fabian in the center). He took the pains of translating for me, from Hungarian, some parts of plays, which were of particular interest to me. For example, he translated parts of the drama, "The Tragedy of Man". I don't remember the author. [Editor's note: The author is Imre Madách.] The same actors and actresses played the leading roles of characters, such as Adam, Eve, Kepler, Voltaire, Robespierre, etc. They used to go out all the way to make this an outstanding performance, and I made it my business not to miss a show. One of the leading actors was Oscar Beregi (a famous Hamlet, a Jew).

I spent a great deal of time in theaters; as you know, my position in the factory had considerably improved and I had the money to spend. If there was a German performance, I would see it. I remember, they gave Peer Gynt in German, music by Grieg. I fell in love with the Peer Gynt music and listened to it on many occasions. When I went on vacation to Bolechow, I brought with me the Peer Gynt music and presented it to Ann Streifer. I went often to the opera and listened to the music of Wagner (Lohengrin, Die Walkure, etc.), Verdi, and others. I used to go there, sometimes alone, often with Fabian. On vacations I spent the time in the art museum, studying the classical paintings by old masters; I even possess an art book that I bought while still in Budapest.

As I remember, in 1917 or so, the Hungarians observed the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare. Although Britain was at that time at war with Austria-Hungary, the Hungarians felt

that they should pay tribute to a great man of letters. They presented at that time all his plays (in Hungarian), and I tried to see as many of them as I could.

I joined the Zionist club formed mostly by immigrant Jews. The languages were Yiddish and Hebrew, and we listened to discussions of Jewish and world problems. I usually used to go to these meetings with another friend, Salo Schapiro. He was a “landsman”. One day, when the family was still together in Újpest, a young man appeared whom our parents remembered as a boy in Bolechow. He got a job also in the leather factory where I was working, luckily for him, not in the raw skins department. I enjoyed his company, and often, Fabian, Schapiro, and I formed a “troika” (see photo of us from June 1916 with Fabian in the center). In the Zionist Club, I often participated in the discussions and even read a paper on “Haskala” (Enlightenment), which had occurred in Jewish circles in the 19th century. This I still remembered from our Zeirei Zion circles, and was able to present this lecture without having any literature on hand. When we observed a memorial for Herzl, I read an essay on him (in Yiddish); a Hungarian rabbi, who used occasionally to visit our club, liked it so much that he asked me for it, to be translated into Hungarian, and published in their local paper. I never found out what was its fate; they did not send me a copy.

My language of communication was mostly German; it was the second official language in Hungary. I read a lot of German literature and got used to speak it fluently. My newspaper was the “Pester Lloyd” which had the reputation as the “Neue Freie Presse” in Vienna, and the “New York Times” in New York. Occasionally, the famous writer, Dr. Max Nordau, who supported Herzl in his endeavors for the goal of Zionism, and who came originally from Hungary, made a contribution to this paper. I remember still today that he wrote an essay on “Schicksal” – “Fate”, which was very appropriate for the times we lived in. In writing to Ann, I also changed from Polish to German; she had spent quite some time in Vienna, and also preferred it to Polish.

By the end of March 1918, I was called to the army. I said good-bye to my friends in Hungary, see photo of March 1918 (in this order: Schapiro, Laufer, Thiel, Henfield, Fabian).

When I look back at my Hungarian experience, in retrospect, I have mixed feelings about it. The general experience was good; I learned to get along with people; I learned to take orders and to give orders. But, I regret, I did not use the free time to better advantage. I should have learned more Hungarian, and registered at the University for evening courses. I was thinking of it, but never did anything about it. Even if they would not have accepted me in the medical department, I could have taken subjects akin to medicine, like, chemistry, biology, anatomy, physiology, etc., gotten credit for it, and claimed the beginning of medical studies. I would have been taken as a medic into the medical corps of the army, and would have avoided all the trouble that faced me there.

In the Army

We gathered in Budapest in military barracks, and from there we walked in “military” formation, carrying our belongings, like suitcases, rucksacks, etc. to the trains. On the way, the inductees were vociferous in expressing their opinion on the war. They shouted with loud voices, though

accompanied by soldiers, “Down with the war, down with the war”. That was the feeling of the population; it just lasted too long.

I was directed to proceed to Żurawica, a village near Przemyśl, in Galicia. In the office of the detail to which I reported, the non-commissioned officers, both Jews and Gentiles, were quite friendly. They put me into an ill-fitting uniform, and took me into the office to help out with office work. I could have remained there all the time during the war, I think, but did not dare to take any chances (see my photo with “Zugsführer” Bauer, April 1918). [Editor’s note: photo not found.] The non-coms presented me to the commandant, a captain “hauptmann”, probably one of “ours”, (which means, not a career man, but a man of the ranks who had had matura or college, went to officer’s training school and advanced to become an officer) and to the “top” sergeant, in charge of the office. As I was entitled, as one with matura, to continue my training in an officer’s training school, I was sent to Radymno, also nearby, where the school was located. It was not that I was anxious to become an officer; I just wanted to gain time. We spent the time in marching, exercises, shooting, etc. This was preliminary “warming up” before the start of academic training. In the evening and free time, another fellow and I organized courses in Hebrew and lectures on Zionist topics. Some girls tried to invite me to their homes but I avoided too close familiarity. The fellow students behaved correctly, although some hidden anti-Semitism was apparent. Most of them were very young, 17-18 years old. (See the group photo of soldiers in the school, 1918). Once my bedsheet was stolen; probably the thief sold it for food. We organized a committee in our barracks to investigate the situation; everyone offered their belongings for inspection, but the culprit was not discovered. (I heard later, when I was already out of the school, that they found the thief; this was not the only thing he stole, and he continued in this fashion until he was caught). Meanwhile, some advised me not to report the theft; they usually punish the victim for allowing this to happen. When I went on vacation, I asked Mother to give me a sheet for replacement. It happened then that there was a row in our barracks. Although I was not involved, some of the students, as punishment, were sent back to their units, and I was one of them. I believe it was an act of anti-Semitism, but I could not help it.

Back in Żurawica, I was assigned to another detail, and I did not have it so good anymore. I did, most of the time, marching, shooting, and practicing to get ready for the front. I was under the impression that we are on the last leg of our endurance. There was no food; mostly what we ate is cooked grass, a herring for protein, etc. The soldiers were mostly from the reserves, very young, or very old, old people taken from the midst of their families. On marches they could hardly crawl; when they found any kind of water, any stream on the way, they fell eagerly on it, to drink. I personally did not suffer so much. When I could walk to the village in the evening, I could buy some food; I had money. “Our people” were generally kind; when a non-com started to be nasty during the marches, one lieutenant, whose name was Läufer (with an umlaut), approached me and asked me to say that I am his cousin; then the non-com desisted.

But I had to think what to do next; any day I could get marching orders. So I went to the field hospital and reported sick in the stomach. There was a lieutenant in charge, whose name was Nahmei (Nachman) Frey, an older brother of Abe Frey, who studied medicine before the

war. Of course we knew each other. He sent me to the hospital in Przemyśl for examination. Before that I met Nussenblatt (who was a lieutenant in the same regiment), and he advised me how to handle the situation in the hospital. One half-hour before the test, I would get half a roll to eat; then they would pump out my stomach to examine how well the digestion had proceeded. Nussenblatt advised me to eat only half the roll, and leave the other half to be eaten secretly five minutes before the test. I followed these directions to the iota. After the test, they fed me hydrochloric acid for a week, and repeated the test. A week later they again repeated the test and kept me for another week. After two weeks they released me. I do not know what kind of results they got; they just sent me back to Żurawica.

Meanwhile, Luska Kohn visited me in the hospital; I do not know how she happened to be in Przemyśl. She probably heard from Nussenblatt that I am there. I also felt low in spirits and wrote a letter to Ann Streifer that, on return to Żurawica, I expected to be sent to the front. In response, Father arrived in the hospital. Ann probably told this to my family, and Father felt a need to see me.

In Żurawica, I asked for leave to say goodbye to my family. On return from leave, I had to wait in Stryj for a few hours to make a connecting train. Rumors reached us, via the grapevine, that all soldiers on leave should remain where they are and should not rejoin their units. The date was probably late October or early November. I do not remember whether we had any armistice day. So I went back to Bolechow to await further developments. [Editor's note: Germany and the Allies signed an armistice agreement ending hostilities on November 11, 1918.]

The entire Austro-Hungarian Empire was falling apart. All subjugated nations wanted to become free; the Hungarians, the Yugoslavs, the Czechs, the Poles, the Ukrainians. In our part of the country, the Ukrainians ruled for a while, then the Poles took over.

A New Life

I decided to go to Vienna to start my academic career. Because of the quarrels between the Poles and the Ukrainians, it was safer to travel via Hungary. Another fellow joined me in the travels, Berl Rosenbaum, who was a medical student. We reached Budapest, late in the night; the trolleys had already stopped. We walked, with our bundles, all the way (some miles) to Újpest, and knocked on Fabian's window. He lived on the first floor. He let us in, and we stayed there a couple of days.

I went to the office of our factory, and asked to be released from my duties. They referred me to the main office in Budapest, where Mr. Farago handed me the separation money, about 1600 Kronen. I was elated.

We celebrated our reunion in a restaurant in Budapest. See photo of December 1918, in this order: Putz, Laufer, Thiel, Henfeld, Rosenbaum, Schapiro, Fabian.

Rosenbaum and I reached Vienna. I made my way directly to Silberschlag's dwelling. I felt, I am starting a new life.

Thoughts on Bolechow

At this point I should say something about my hometown, Bolechow. I was leaving it now, but I always nourished a deep sentiment for it. I spent my youth there, my formative years, there and in Stryj. All free time and vacation I spent there. I always felt that the people in our town, even if they did not possess higher education, were very intelligent. I spent a great deal of time with local friends, reading mostly Hebrew literature, like Bialik, Tchernichovsky, Achad Ha'am, etc. They usually congregated in Ann Streifer's home; they flocked around her. I want to mention particularly the following friends: Eli Ellendman, who possessed a great wit; Mendel Landau, the son of a rabbi, who liked to compare Latin and Hebrew proverbs; Schoil (Saul) Diengott, who later married Ann's friend, Lorka Koral; Reisler, who was always impeccably dressed; Wolf Schnur, who later married Dr. Zuzia Strassman, a chemist.

At the end of the First World War, Frieda Brawer, a first cousin of Ann Streifer, went to Vienna and lived there; later she married Dr. Max Pordes, and they had a girl, Hanitta. They then immigrated to Palestine (Israel). We visited the Pordes' in Israel in 1959, and Ann visited Frieda in 1973. Max died some years ago, and Frieda also passed away recently (1978).

The Schnurs saved themselves by hiding in Holland; after the Second World War we sent them packages of food and clothing. Then they moved to Geneva, Switzerland, and we visited them in 1961; later they moved to Israel. Sometime ago also Schnur died. Ann and Irma visited Mrs. Schnur in Jerusalem, Israel in 1973.

All the others perished in the Holocaust. They experienced four "actions" in Bolechow, one after the other. Now it is "judenrein". The Jewish community in Bolechow is no more. See the "Memorial Book for the Martyrs of Bolechow", which I mentioned in the first part of my "Reminiscences".

III. The Post War Period – Vienna

I stayed only a few days with Silberschlag; he lived with his older brother Calyk, also a medical student. I moved to my own place, a room which I rented from a family, I moved a few times until I finally settled in a room in the Ninth Bezirk (district), alongside the Danube channel. There were trees and benches along the channel, and I and friends, who came to see me, rested there quite often. My sister, Dora, who was then studying in the Jewish Pädagogium, moved also into my room. She was busy with her studies, and I was busy with mine; we met only evenings when we had a chance to discuss the happenings of the day. She had her meals in her academic “mensa” (a restaurant for students), and I in mine.

There were several apartments in our building. Our apartment was located on the third floor. It consisted of only a kitchen, and a large, spacious room, which we occupied. We had to pass through the kitchen, which was completely dark with no windows. Our landlady was an elderly, kind woman, “Fräulein Julia”; her bed was curtained from view, but she had the use of the room when we were not home, which was mostly the case. When Ann and I married on November 21, 1920, she moved in with me, and my sister left for home in Bolechow.

Political Background

Immediately on arrival in Vienna, I registered in the Hochschule für Bodenkultur to study agriculture.¹ In my subconscious mind, I was questioning myself, as to whether I am doing the right thing. Not one of my friends took such a radical step. They were studying either medicine (Silberschlag, Wohl, and Frey) or law (Nussenblatt, Orenstein) or philosophy to become a teacher (Hruszowski), but I made up my mind to go through with it. My father was dreaming of settling in Palestine, and if I went there, possibly I could help him to fulfill his dreams. I was tired of living in the Galuth; I wanted to get out and live free with my own people in my own land. It was only a few years after the Balfour declaration for establishing a Jewish Home in Palestine. Dr. Arthur Ruppin, the expert on Jewish colonization had just published a new book on the colonization of Palestine. Great hopes were aroused within the Jewish masses, and many were emigrating there. As a result, I felt that in studying scientific agriculture, I will become useful in building the land.

Only one fellow from Stryj joined me in studying agriculture. This was Aryeh Krampner whom I mentioned in the first chapter. There were, of course, other Jewish students from other parts of the country who felt the same way as I did. It should be noted that previously there had been no Jewish students in the Bodenkultur, and the profs were wondering why this influx. The answer was, “Palestine is calling”. We were a group of about a dozen or so Jewish students at the Bodenkultur. Most of us were studying agriculture; a few selected “Kulturtechnik” (irrigation and drainage of land). The non-Jewish students attending Bodenkultur were chiefly the kind who

¹ [https://austria-forum.org/af/Wissenschaft und Wirtschaft/Universitaeten und Fachhochschulen/Universitaet fur Bodenkultur](https://austria-forum.org/af/Wissenschaft_und_Wirtschaft/Universitaeten_und_Fachhochschulen/Universitaet_fur_Bodenkultur)

would later join the Nazi party. Anti-Semitism was prevalent in Vienna, since the time of Mayor Lueger; it was in this environment that Hitler spent his formative years.

The political situation in Vienna, right after the war, was precarious. The great Austro-Hungarian Empire was dismembered. Kaiser Karl, the successor of Franz Joseph, abdicated; he and Kaiserin Zita went into exile. Such was the end of the Hapsburg family who had ruled over Austria and neighboring countries since the 14th century. Everyone grabbed the land that they thought by rights belonged to them. The Poles took Galicia; Hungary claimed some parts; so did the Czechs, the Yugoslavs, and the Italians. Serbia absorbed Bosnia and Herzegovina, giving rise to Yugoslavia. The reign over Austria, whatever was left of it, was taken over by the Socialist party, and Austria became a democratic republic. The visible signs of it were obvious. In former years, parks carried bulletins listing all the penalties (including prison) which one may incur by causing any damage to the property. The old bulletins were covered over with new directions. “Diese Anlage ist das Eigentum alles; jeder benutze und jeder beschütze sie”. “This park belongs to everyone; everyone can use it, and everyone should protect it”.

Of course, the native Austrians were very much hurt about the loss of the war and the loss of the empire. Whose fault was it? – The Jews. There were demonstrations against the Jews in front of the university. The Jewish students formed one column; the Gentile students formed another column; we were separated from one another by a police column. We marched back and forth, and every once in a while, we exchanged blows using sticks, but no other weapons. We all wore our old uniforms, carried over from wartime; we Jews had a Jewish star on our caps. The situation did not last long, and everything returned to normal.

When such demonstrations occurred, we did not go to the Bodenkultur; such things happened not only in front of the University. In the classes, we did not fraternize with the Austrian nationals because they did not talk to us. Occasionally exceptions took place. One day, early in the semester, a fellow student walked in front of the class and announced, “All Czechs out”. The Czechs walked out, and thus we knew who is a Czech. Later, things quieted down, and we all got busy with our studies.

The Bodenkultur

To earn the title, “Diplom Engineer”, we had to pass three State Exams, which took at least four years of study. The examiners, sitting as a commission, were selected from three universities: the Bodenkultur, the General University (Law, Philosophy, Medicine), and the Technical University. We, who returned home from the war, were “Kriegsteilnehmer”, war participants, and we had some special privileges. We had to pass the exams like all students, but we could pass each exam individually, without appearing before the commission. Then the examining prof was usually the lecturer of the Bodenkultur or his assistant.

The examinations, also the ones taken before a commission, were oral; the prof asked the questions dealing with the subject, and the student, sometimes two or three students, answered them. All examinations were open to all students (and probably the public). Before I took an

exam, I usually listened to the questions and answers for a day or two, in order to become familiar with the way it was handled.

In the first year, I started passing my exams. I remember the first one, botany. The reason I remember this is because, soon after, I received a summons to appear before the Dean at a certain time. I discovered that three more fellow Jews received similar summonses. At the appointed time we walked into the Dean's office, and through the opposite door, four "blue-eyed and blond" students marched in and faced the four of us. They accused us of cheating in the exams. They said that we whispered the answers to the Jewish students during the exams. We defended ourselves forcefully. I had a good command of German, and let it go full blast – that it was a dirty lie and a blow below the belt, that it was anti-Semitism of the lowest degree. The Dean said that he will let each of us know the outcome. After a few days, we heard the verdict; I was declared not guilty, two were expelled for one semester, and one was expelled for a full year. The last one decided not to return to the Bodenkultur; the other two had to lose one semester.

A couple of days later, I and other Jewish students, rested on a bench in the park, which was opposite the Bodenkultur. Some "blue-eyed and blond" students approached us; they heard about the hearing in the Dean's office, and wanted to know what it is all about. We told them the story. They said that they also witnessed this exam and could certify that it was all on the level, no cheating. We asked them to go to the Dean and make their statement. I don't remember whether they did; nothing happened; the damage had been done.

Most of the profs did not discriminate against Jews; at least they did not show it. One prof, I don't remember who, when reading aloud my name before the exam, Schülím Laufer, raised his eyebrows, and had a smile on his face; possibly he said, "What a queer name." The mild mannered, gentle prof of botany, never failed in his lecture to make a joke when speaking about the nutrition of plants: carbon (C), oxygen (O), hydrogen (H), nitrogen (N), COHN. That is easy to remember, he remarked with a smile. The prof of plant genetics, Tschermak, was a very conceited man. He was one of three men who, in the year 1900, rediscovered Mendel's laws of heredity, independently of each other, (Correns, de Vries and Tschermak). If, talking of heredity, anyone would mention Correns and de Vries, and failed to include Tschermak, he would promptly hear from Tschermak personally. I heard him say in the lectures, "I will recognize a Jew even if he has blue eyes and blond hair." A brewing barley, which he produced by crossbreeding and selection, carried his name, the well-known Tschermak Barley.

The program for agriculture at the Bodenkultur encompassed many fields. The basic sciences were important: lots and lots of chemistry, biochemistry, physics, math, botany (knowledge of plants and weeds), nutrition of plants, animal husbandry, power plants, agricultural machinery and equipment, the growing of agricultural products, soil science, agricultural economics, agricultural technology (brewing, distilling, and sugar manufacture, etc.). I remember in the chemistry lectures that we were deep in physical chemistry. Some students got up and questioned why and for what do we need all that. These questions were asked by the veterans, the war participants. The prof was a kind, old gentleman, a Jew, Professor Zeisel, who

was known in the chemical literature by some kind of chemical reaction, which was called the “Zeisel reaction”; I don’t remember what it was. He had quite a speech. He explained that chemistry is one of the basic sciences; he has to treat the subject on a college level, and not on a gymnasium level. One cannot know in what direction one will work in the future; one may end up working as a scientist; another may end up managing an estate or some other plant. All will find useful that at one time they had studied chemistry.

Professor Zeisel had a unique way of conducting the exams; he had a list of questions, listed consecutively by number, about 100 on physical chemistry, the same number on inorganic chemistry, and about the same number on organic chemistry. The questions were available to the students; in preparing for the exams we tried to answer each of them. The candidate for the exam had before him three boxes; he pulled a number from each box. The numbers indicated the questions he had to answer. However, it was a mistake to think that he was satisfied if you knew the answer to the question. The prof led you to a discussion of related topics in that field, and therefore you had to study hard and be well prepared before you dared to register for the exam.

I personally was lucky and did not fail to pass any time. One instance sticks in my mind. I and my friend, Lande, studied together the subject, anatomy of animals. We registered together for the exam; I passed and Lande failed. I could not understand why. Lande went back to the books and the notes, tried a second time and passed. I, in turn, worked on other subjects and prepared for other exams; we remained friends, but we studied separately.

The most important subjects were mandatory, and you had to pass exams in them. For some subjects you had to be a “listener” (Hörer); that means you had to register for the course, but no one was checking if you are present or not. Some examples are: surveying, plant breeding, etc. This applied particularly to the veterans. We were not obligated to take all the lab courses. In retrospect, I regret that we were freed from these exercises; I could have used them to advantage later on in life. At that time, we were anxious to get through the studies and the exams as soon as possible. It is too bad we were not required to take such labs as qualitative and quantitative analysis; microscopic examination in botany and plant diseases; work in the technological laboratory, etc. We were only required to do limited work in the agricultural lab, to learn analysis of soils, fertilizers, foods and beverages, etc. Acquiring greater manipulative skill in lab work would have been helpful to me in the future. As an example, in Palestine I worked for an engineer, helping to make measurements with a theodolite (surveying instrument) for building roads and canals. In America, I landed in an analytical laboratory doing analysis of waters, foods, beverages, etc. Little did I realize where I would land, and what kind of work I would do in the future. I expected to do plant breeding in Israel.

Meir Ya’ari

I should like to say a few words about another student at the Bodenkultur who deserves mention, Meir Wald. [Editor’s note: He later changed his name to Meir Ya’ari; see the entry under that name in Wikipedia for more information.] He started with us, and possibly attended some lectures for a semester or two, but then left for Palestine. He left his registration book with me,

and asked me to register him as long as possible. His older brother, who studied law, paid the expenses, which were small and nominal for war participants. Later I could not do it anymore, because of the changed requirements. When I was living in Kalisz, Poland, employed as a teacher of science in a Jewish gymnasium, he stayed with us for a day or so in 1925, just before I was leaving for Palestine. He had my address, as I was in touch with all the people I knew there. He was a “political man”; he probably managed to be sent to Poland by the Histadrut (Socialist party) on a “mission” for funds or so. Ann remembers him as the fellow who smoked incessantly in bed, and she worried about it. As I remember him, he was of medium height, somewhat taller than myself, chunky, with coarse features, big black eyes, with a head fully covered with black hair. He carried a lot of weight in the organization, as I read in some Jewish papers, but did not care for official positions.

Engagement

All this time, beginning in 1919, I was corresponding with Ann Streifer. I was courting her. I wrote her long letters, that I have been in love with her all this time, since I met her in the early years when I was still in the fourth or fifth grades of gymnasium. I explained to her my plans for Palestine; I told her that I don’t want to remain in Poland. At that time, I still was able to write good letters, and express myself well, all in German. It is too bad, the letters were lost, when in 1920, she and her mother decided to leave Poland and travel to Vienna. Some neighbors (Gentiles) heard about it; they invented an accusation that the two are subversive, possibly communists or such. The two ladies were stopped on the way, and their belongings were thoroughly searched. My letters to Ann, written in German, were read. Ann told me later that the censor was a Mr. Bobbin; he was one of my profs in gymnasium. He knew me well; he just remarked that he (the writer of the letters) does not like Poland and the Poles. In order to avoid difficulties in the future, my letters were destroyed.

In the summer of 1919, on vacation time, I came to Bolechow, which belonged at that time to Poland, and stayed with my family. Ann suggested that I tell her mother of “our engagement”. Mother Streifer knew me since the time I was still in gymnasium. She was happy too. (Her father had died before.) My parents were pleased with my choice. I was happy beyond imagination, and could not tear myself away from Ann.

Epilogue

At this point, I must stop my narrative. It is now July 31, 1980. Ann has just passed away on July 7, 1980. It was a shock to me, and to all of us. She had had a heart condition, and she was under a doctor’s care. On July 3rd, she was taken by ambulance to the hospital, and placed in the intensive care department. She seemed to be responding well to treatment, but on July 7th she suffered another attack and died in the evening.

From now on, I will have to curtail my memoirs. My memory is not so good any more, and Ann is not here to help me.

APPENDIX

Biographical Sketch

The following appears on the Jewish Museum of Maryland web site.² It was written by Dr. Stephen Laufer and his daughter, Wilma Laufer Gabbay, in conjunction with the donation of his papers to the museum.

Dr. Stephen Laufer was born in Bolechow in East Galicia on January 6, 1894, the first son and second child of Israel and Golda (Diengott) Laufer. He attended school in Bolechow until the age of twelve and then left for the neighboring town of Stryj to continue his education, as at that time Bolechow did not have a gymnasium. When World War I broke out in 1914, the Laufer family moved to Budapest, and Stephen obtained work in a leather factory. As he had only completed the seventh grade of gymnasium, he petitioned to take the examination for the eighth grade and the matura. He successfully did this in 1915, returning to Stryj for the tests.

In 1915 Laufer registered with the Austro-Hungarian authorities and was found fit for army service; he was exempted, however, on the basis of necessary work. In 1918 all exemptions were cancelled and he was drafted into the army but peace was declared before he saw combat.

After the war, Stephen's family returned to Bolechow and he decided to continue his education in Vienna in 1918. He earned a degree in agricultural engineering and also a doctorate in agricultural chemistry at the Hochschule für Bodenkultur in 1922. For one year he served as the director of an orphanage farm in Stanislawow, then as a teacher of science in a Jewish gymnasium in Kalisch, Poland, from 1923-1925.

In 1920 Laufer married Anna (Chana) Streifer, daughter of Wolf and Miriam (Pomerantz) Streifer, also of Bolechow. They had three children: Ruth, born in 1923, who married Jerome Morton; Irma, born in 1935, who married Jack Katz; and Irma's twin, Wilma, who married Albert Gabbay.

Dr. Laufer had been active in the Zionist movement as a teenager. In fact his studies were designed to prepare him for work in Palestine. In September 1925, he left for Haifa with his wife, daughter and mother-in-law. While in Palestine they had no luck finding permanent employment. When their money ran out, the family decided to move to America as relatives of the Streifers were already living there. In February 1929 they sailed on the *Alesia*, a French ship, from Haifa to Providence, Rhode Island. They lived briefly in Jersey City and Brooklyn and the Bronx for several years, and then bought a home in Forest Hills, Queens, New York, in the summer of 1942, where they lived until 1982.

Dr. Laufer's first position in the United States was as a chemist for Schwarz Laboratories, a consultant for the brewing industry. He stayed with the company for 46 years, retiring in 1975. He advanced to director of research, director of laboratories, and vice-president. He was in charge of the United States Brewers Academy, which was run by Schwarz Laboratories. Dr.

² <http://www.jewishmuseummd.org/2015/08/manuscript-collection-1-dr-stephen-laufer-papers/>

Laufer published close to 100 articles in the fields of food and fermentation. In 1936 he was honored with the Cincinnati Achievement Award of the Master Brewers Association of America. He is listed in *American Men and Women of Science*. Dr. Laufer died on October 4, 1983 (27 Tishri 5744) in New York.

Letter from Anka Streifer Alexander

This letter was written to Bunny Streifer Savino, the daughter of Josef Streifer and Sydka Ast Streifer, by a cousin, Anka Streifer Alexander. Josef Streifer was the brother of Ann Streifer, who married Dr. Stephen Laufer. The letter contains information about Bolechow and the Streifer family. It has been lightly edited.

Bolechow was a town of several thousand Jews and a few Polish families who lived on the outskirts and who were the public officials. It was a very nice, clean little town and the main businesses were leather factories and lumber mills. The leather factories were located there because of the good water. Around the town were Ukrainian villagers who worked in the mills and factories. The Jews were the business people.

Your grandfather [Wolf Streifer] and my father were cousins and they inherited from their parents a very large house which they divided and lived in. In the back of the house they had two large gardens, where they grew potatoes. The house was located on a very nice street across from the Polish church. Your grandfather was known as a very intelligent man; he spoke a very nice Polish, which was not so common among the Jews. Your grandfather had a tobacco shop, and a retail liquor store which was run by a man whom they hired. Your father [Josef] had a brother Henek who volunteered in the First World War in the Austrian army, and was killed on the Italian front. Your father's oldest brother, Aaron, rented the front room from my grandmother where he had a jewelry and watchmaker's shop. Your father, after he finished his studies abroad and returned to Bolechow, taught me and my sister English. I again met your father in Worochta, which was a beautiful mountain resort, where he came with your mother after their wedding.

The whole town of Bolechow was known as a very intelligent community. Zionism and Hebrew were very popular. Many of the young people went to Vienna to study because Vienna was our capital till 1918. Bolechow was in Galicia which belonged to Austria. Bolechow had a large forestry school, where Jews were never accepted, not only in Austrian times but also under Poland.

This all seems like a dream as I think back over the years. By the way I am very proud to be a Streifer; in Bolechow they were a very respectable and intelligent family. Thinking of it, it comes back to me about Saturday afternoons, when the "Golden Youth", of Bolechow would meet in your grandfather's house for intelligent discussion and reading about Heine, Schiller and other literary figures. This all happened once, and this all is gone. A world which is no more !!!

Interview with Sylvia (Sydka) Streifer

Additional selected information about Wolf and Miriam Streifer and their children from a family history recorded by Bunny Streifer Savino from interviews with her mother, Sydka Ast Streifer, wife of Josef Streifer.

Wolf was a sick man, but was well educated and wrote beautiful letters in German. After his and Miriam's first son, Aaron, was born, she had several pregnancies which terminated in miscarriages. The Hasidic rabbi advised her to have her next child at her sister Balcha's house, since Balcha had many children. She went to Skole, a small mountain town where Balcha lived. Anna, their next child, was born thirteen years after Aaron [in 1896]. Their next child, Henek was born in 1898, and Josef, the youngest was born a year later [June 21, 1899]. In 1917, when Josef was 18 and had graduated from High School, he was taken into the Austrian Army and was stationed in Przemyśl. His brother, Henek, who was one year older than he, volunteered to go to the front, and also volunteered to go on a patrol because his fellow soldiers taunted him about Jews being cowards. He was killed on that patrol, on the Italian front.

When Aunt Anna got married, Grandma [Miriam] gave up her business and decided to go to America. All her sisters were in the U.S. and Uncle Aaron was already there too. Uncle Aaron, Aunt Mania, and their children, Celia and Anna, had been in Vienna during WW I and when the war ended they didn't return to Bolechow, but went to the U.S. instead. Josef and his mother went to Paris and continued on to Cherbourg where they were waiting for their final clearance. In the last minute they were not permitted to board the ship for America because of the closing of the Polish quota, and they returned to Poland. Aunt Anna had gotten married in Vienna and lived there while Sholom [Stephen] studied for his PhD. When he finished his studies they returned to Poland and he taught Chemistry in a Hebrew Gymnasium (high school) in Kalisz. Uncle Sholom was a Zionist as his father had been. His father had visited Palestine and had wanted to move there, but didn't see work opportunities there. Uncle Sholom had studied Agriculture and had a degree in Agricultural Engineering. When Grandma returned to Poland she decided to go to Palestine with Aunt Anna, Uncle Sholom, and Ruth. In Palestine, Uncle was unable to secure a position in his field, because most of the settlers were Russian, and they were helping their own, so he got a job teaching English. He saw that he couldn't make a living at it and they decided to go to America. Grandma wrote to Uncle Aaron for papers, and when she received hers, she left for America. Aunt Anna didn't know how soon Grandma would be able to get Visas for them to come to America, and she didn't want to spend the hot summer in Palestine so she and Ruth returned to Poland. They stayed in Bolechow for a month, and then came to Przemyśl, and stayed with us. That is when I met them; it was 1928, and Ruth was five years old. When Uncle Sholom notified them that he had received the Visas and money, they went back to Palestine before leaving for the U.S.

Description of Israel Laufer's Factory

This description, in Hebrew and Yiddish, is found on pp. 104-105 of the "Memorial Book for the Martyrs of Bolechow". Translation by Dr. Laufer.

On the way to the railroad station, not far from the center of town, we encounter a bridge over the river Sukiel. Along the bridge stood a building of wide dimensions housing within an automated flour mill; a saw-mill containing one machine; facilities for the manufacture of furniture.

The saw-mill was used chiefly for this purpose. The manufacture was of the highest level, and the output of these plants was known throughout Poland. The three undertakings were performed in a single gigantic building and its courtyard, and their owners were: Kraemer, Altman, Laufer, Schneid.

Eulogies

At Dr. Stephen Laufer's funeral on October 6, 1983, his daughter, Wilma, gave the following eulogy. She also read one written by her daughter, Alyssa.

Wilma's Eulogy

Our father was a simple, modest, above all a gentle man. Yet he was brilliant, erudite, world-renowned in his field of brewing chemistry. He was a teacher to many generations of Master Brewing students. We remember him as a teacher also – a man of infinite patience who would tutor us in the intricacies of the Hebrew language as well as in how many nickels and dimes in a quarter. His interests were so varied – he was a scientist, yet he loved Shakespeare, Latin, the Bible, classical music, the theater. His devotion to Zionism permeated his life. He was married to our mother for nearly 60 years. She was the one woman he loved all his life – he secretly admired her for many years before he dared speak of his affections. Her death, three years ago, was shattering for him, and he never really recovered from it. Our father was unique. The highest compliment is to hear that something about us is like him. We can never forget him.

Alyssa's Eulogy

When I think of my grandfather, I like to remember his hands. They were beautiful hands, the hands of a scholar: well-shaped, with fine nails and tapered fingers. The skin was very dry and clear and smooth and warm, and you could see a faint tracing of blue veins on the backs. What was best about his hands, though, was that they were used only for good. They were never raised in anger, only in love and wisdom. I can picture the sureness and deliberation with which his hands must have moved in the laboratory, measuring chemicals, and I have seen the sensitivity with which they held a piece of great literature – Thomas Mann or the Holy Bible – and I have seen them, too, brush tenderly over the heads of children and dogs. As long as I live, I will never forget the feeling of holding my grandfather's hand; for then I knew I was safe, and then I knew I was loved.

Tribute

On the occasion of the naming of Elaina Shoshana Kaseff, great-granddaughter of Stephen Laufer (Sunday, March 8, 1998), Mark Katz gave the following tribute. It has been lightly edited to omit information that repeats a description of the earlier years.

Elaina Shoshana's middle name honors the memory of her grandmother's father, Stephen Shalom Laufer, my grandfather. I remember my grandfather as a man of tremendous knowledge and high principles. He was a very gentle man, who prized his family, scholarship and Zionism.

In 1935, "the twins", my mom, Irma, and her sister, Wilma, were born. Prohibition had just ended, and Grandpa found a position as a bench chemist at Schwartz Labs, a company devoted to brewing chemistry. In time, Grandpa rose to be internationally known as the "Dean" of brewing chemists, world renowned for his research and teaching. There is an irony in all of this, because Grandpa was not particularly fond of beer. To be sure, he was a master beer taster – it just was not his drink of choice. There was a time when I was in college and law school that Grandpa spent several months living in our home. Occasionally, I would cross the Canadian border to pick up some "good" beer. My dad and I would each pour a little of ours into a glass, and Grandpa would eye it, swirl it, sniff and then sip it. After rolling it around on his tongue, he would pronounce it acceptable, and Dad and I would know it was safe to drink. This was several years after Grandpa left Schwartz Labs.

In fact, Grandpa left Schwartz Labs at the age of 81, many years after attaining the Vice Presidency. (Grandpa was the first and only non-family member to have a directorship at Schwartz Labs, which before it was sold to Labatts had been a family company.) The year before retiring, Grandpa suffered three strokes which left him without speech. Nevertheless, he felt forced out and was not happy to be retired.

Grandpa put his retirement to good use, however, He had always been a voracious reader, particularly of Jewish literature, biographies and philosophy. After his strokes, he regained his speech and languages, and continued his lifelong studies. He studied Talmud in English and Hebrew, and he translated Isaiah from Hebrew to English.

When he died in 1983, at the age of 89, Grandpa had the pleasure of seeing each of his daughters graduate college. Each of his grandchildren reached the same distinction. For a man to whom learning meant so much, this scholarship was a great source of pride.

There is a picture of Stephen Laufer, taken by his granddaughter, Alyssa Gabbay, which everyone agrees captures his essence. He sits, softly backlit, reading – his left hand spread on the text as though having just turned the page. He is calm – ready to learn. This love of scholarship is what Grandpa has passed to us, and I am sure it is what he would have us pass to his great-grandchildren.

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Israel Laufer



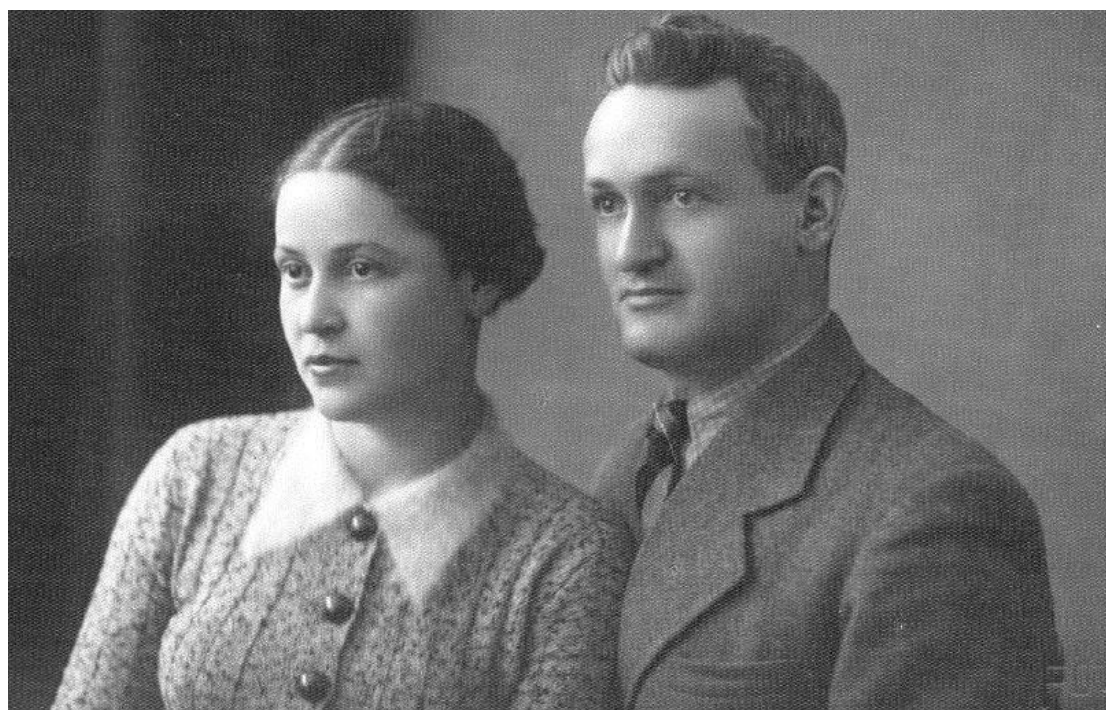
Israel & Golda Laufer



Chair Factory



Balka, Friend, & Ryfcia



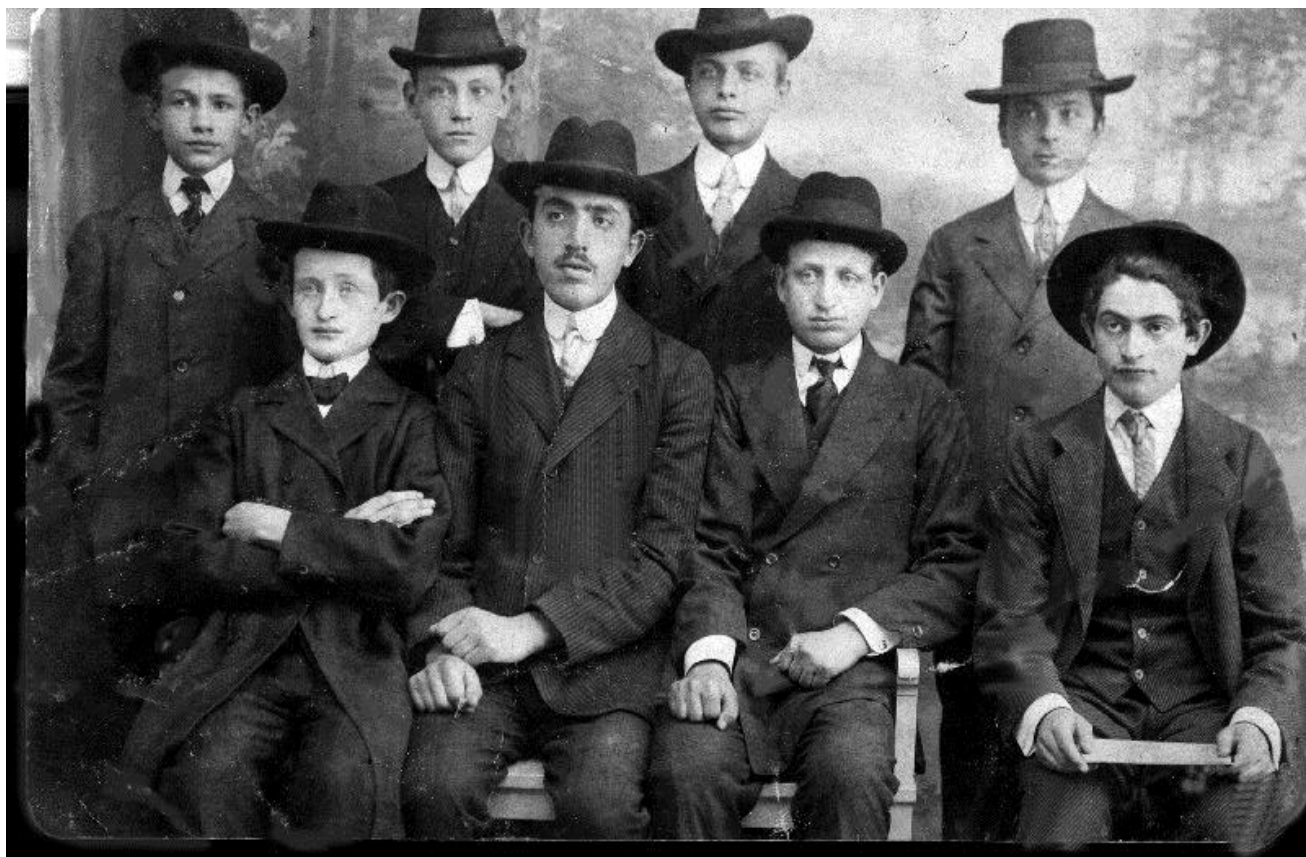
Rachel & Joseph Laufer



Young Schülim



Zionist Youth Group (Ann Streifer, second from right)



Cheder Friends (Hat Picture)



Fourth Year (Abraham Hruszowski,
David Kreppel, Schülim Laufer)



Fifth Year (Abraham Frey,
Tulo Nussenblatt, Schülim Laufer)

C. k. gimnazjum / *Lilia* / w *Stryju*.

L. *19.*

Świadectwo roczne.

Laurer Julius

urodzony dnia *6 stycznia 1894* w *Bolechowice* w *Gdybówce*

religii *możk.* ucezi klasy *siódmej* otrzymuje niniejszem za

rok szkolny *1913/14* świadectwo następujące:

Zachowanie się: *dobro*.



Postęp w przedmiotach nauki:		Wynik ogólny
Przedmiot	Postęp	
w nauce religii:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	Do klasy następnej <i>chlubnie</i> uzdolniony.
w języku polskim (jako wykładowym):	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w języku łacińskim:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w języku greckim:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w języku ruskim:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w języku niemieckim:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w historii:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w geografii:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w matematyce:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w historii naturalnej (.):	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w fizyce i chemii:	<i>bardzo dobry</i>	
w propedeutyce filozofii:	<i>dobry</i>	
w rysunkach odręcznych:	<i>/</i>	
w kaligrafii:	<i>/</i>	
w gimnastyce:	<i>/</i>	
Przedmioty nadobowiązkowe		
w rysunkach odręcznych:	<i>/</i>	
w śpiewie:	<i>/</i>	
w stenografii:	<i>/</i>	

Liczba opuszczonych godzin szkolnych: *38*; z nich nie usprawiedliwiono: *0*.

Od opłaty szkolnej */* był uwolniony.

W Stryju, d. 28. czerwca 1914.

J. Lebiech
dyrektor i kierownik



L. Wilk
gospodarz klasy.



Streifer Family (Henig, Joseph, Miriam, Aaron, Wolf, Ann), c. 1905



Henig Streifer



Ann Streifer



Laufer, Fabian, Putz



Zionist Club Meeting in Hungary (Laufer, seated, third from left)



Friends, March 1918 (Schapiro, Laufer, Thiel, Henfeld, Fabian)



Officers Training School



In the Army

Blowup from Officers Training School Photo





Ann & Stephen Laufer (November 1920 wedding photo)

גמנסיה הומניסטית

חיפה

ההנהלה מודיעה בזה

הקורסים של הגמנסיה

בדירת בית הספר
של חברת כ"ח.

נפתחו



שעות הלימודים פ"ב 5 עד 9 אחה"צ.

נפתחו גם קורסים מיוחדים

להכנות לבחינות הבגרות הממשלתיות.

תלמידי הקורסים

ידמדו: בשעורים לצרפתית, אנגלית,

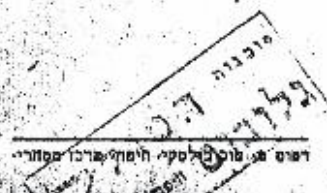
ערבית, הנהלת פנקסים

וכרטיבה על מכונה

הקיימים כבר ע"י בית הספר הנ"ל.

הרשמת התלמידים נמשכת

וההנהלה.



List 4

LIST OR MANIFEST OF ALIEN PASSENGERS FOR THE UNITED

ALL ALIENS arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and all aliens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of the insular possessions of the United States.
This (pink) sheet is for the listing of

S. S. "ALEXANDRIA" Passengers sailing from Jaffa on Feb. 7th, 1929

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15				
No. on List	HEAD-TAX STATUS (This column for use of officials only)	NAME IN FULL	Age	Sex	Calling or occupation	Able to—		Nationality, Country of which citizen or subject	Race or people	Place of birth		Immigration Visa Number	Issued at—	Date	*Last permanent residence			
						Read	Write			Country	City or town					Country	City or town	
1		CHALY	Zev (Volk)	30	M	Agriculturist	yes	English	yes	Russian	Hebrew	Russia	Kazanovka	701	Jerusalem	Jan. 5th 1929	Palestine Tel Aviv	
2		GORALNIK	Chana	40	F	Housewife	yes	Russian	yes	Russian	Hebrew	Russia	Odessa	1712	Jerusalem	Dec. 12th 1928	Palestine Tel Aviv	
3		GANKIN	Boris	40	M	Printer	yes	Russian	yes	Russian	Hebrew	Poland	Lida	41	Jerusalem	Dec. 22nd 1928	Palestine Jerusalem	
4		ZAKLAD	Nechama	40	F	Housewife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Polish	Hebrew	Poland	Slonin	61	Jerusalem	Feb. 1st 1929	Palestine Ramat Gan	
5		BONFELD	Mendel	25	M	Agriculturist	yes	Hebrew	yes	Palestine	Hebrew	Russia	Winograd	702	Jerusalem	Jan. 21st 1929	Palestine Tel Aviv	
6		BIRMAN	Jeanette	25	F	Housewife	yes	United States Citizen		Illinois	Chicago	No. of Pass. 537603 from Washington D.C.	Permit 401513	Sept. 29th 1928	N.Y.	New York		
7		BIRMAN	Mama	20	F	Agriculturist	yes	English	yes	German	German	Germany	Elberfeld	Applic. 402811	Washington	Sept. 29th 1928	N.Y.	New York
8		LAFFER	Saulin	35	M	Agriculturist	yes	English	yes	Polish	Hebrew	Poland	Boleschow	1062	Jerusalem	Dec. 31st 1928	Palestine Haifa	
9		LAFFER	Chana	35	F	Housewife	yes	German	yes	Polish	Hebrew	Poland	Boleschow	1063	Jerusalem	Jan. 2nd 1929	Palestine Haifa	
10		LAFFER	Ruth	5	F	Infant	no	Polish	no	Hebrew	Poland	Boleschow	1065	Jerusalem	Feb. 1st 1929	Palestine Haifa		
11		HALPERN	Perla	55	F	Carpenter's wife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Palestine	Hebrew	Palestine	Safed	2	Jerusalem	Oct. 15th 1928	Palestine Caiffa	
12		HALPERN	Malka	51	F	Housewife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Palestine	Hebrew	Palestine	Safed	3	Jerusalem	Oct. 15th 1928	Palestine Haifa	
13		KLEINMAN	Reisel	38	F	Housewife	yes	Yiddish	yes	American citizen	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	187	Jerusalem	Feb. 4th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
14		KLEINMAN	Jacob	3	M	Infant	no	Yiddish	no	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	188	Jerusalem	Feb. 4th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem		
15		ROKACH	Zipora	50	F	Housewife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Hebron	60	Jerusalem	Jan. 17th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
16		ROKACH	Bathia	6	F	Schoolgirl	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	51	Jerusalem	Jan. 17th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
17		ROKACH	Yaffa	4	F	Infant	no	Hebrew	no	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	52	Jerusalem	Jan. 17th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
18		ZUKIN	Elihu	20	M	Clark	yes	Hebrew	yes	Russian	Hebrew	Russia	Zvuhil	1933	Jerusalem	Feb. 4th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
19. ROKACH Zipora 50 F Housewife yes Hebrew yes Ottoman Hebrew Palestine Hebron 60 Jerusalem Jan. 17th 1929 Palestine Jerusalem																		
20		WEIZMAN	Bertha	18	F	Housewife	yes	English	yes	Russian	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	37	Jerusalem	Jan. 14th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
21		SALWEISIG	Shalom	22	M	Housewife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	53	Jerusalem	Jan. 16th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
22		SALWEISIG	Gershon	17	M	Schoolboy	no	Hebrew	no	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	54	Jerusalem	Jan. 16th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
23		SALWEISIG	Naftali	10	M	Schoolboy	no	Hebrew	no	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	55	Jerusalem	Jan. 16th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
24		SIMONOVITZ	Neche	40	F	Housewife	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	40	Jerusalem	Jan. 15th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
25		SIMONOVITZ	Abraham	10	M	Schoolboy	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	41	Jerusalem	Jan. 15th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
26		SIMONOVITZ	Avshalom	8	M	Infant	no	Hebrew	no	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	42	Jerusalem	Jan. 15th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
27		SIMONOVITZ	Samuel	10	M	Clark	yes	Hebrew	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	43	Jerusalem	Jan. 15th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
28		VOLPO	Penina	45	F	Housewife	yes	Yiddish	yes	Ottoman	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	N.q. 159	Jerusalem	Feb. 6th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
29		VOLPO	Mama	19	F	Schoolgirl	yes	Hebrew	yes	Palestine	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	N.q. 160	Jerusalem	Feb. 6th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	
30		VOLPO	Abraham	11	M	Schoolboy	no	Hebrew	no	Palestine	Hebrew	Palestine	Jerusalem	N.q. 161	Jerusalem	Feb. 6th 1929	Palestine Jerusalem	

Line 19. did not sail.
reasons.

AL. LT. ALIENS. TOTAL

Alesia Manifest p.1, March 1929

Atlantic Ports Passenger Lists, 1820-1873 and 1893-1959

Name:	Chana Laufer
Age:	33
Estimated Birth Year:	abt 1896
Birthplace:	Bolechow, Poland
Gender:	Female
Ethnic Background:	Hebrew
Arrival Date:	10 Mar 1929
Port of arrival:	Providence, Rhode Island
Port of departure:	Jaffa, Palestine
Ship Name:	Alesia
Friend's Name:	A Sheifer
Last Residence:	Palestine
Place of Origin:	Palestine

Source Citation: National Archives and Records Administration; Washington, D.C.; Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Providence, RI, 1911-1943; Series:T1188; Roll:41.

Source Information:
Ancestry.com. *Atlantic Ports Passenger Lists, 1820-1873 and 1893-1959* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2010.
Original data:

- *Copies of Lists of Passengers Arriving at Miscellaneous Ports on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and at Ports on the Great Lakes, 1820-1873.* Microfilm Publication M575. RG 36. Rolls 1-16. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Crew Lists of Vessels Arriving at Eastport, Maine, 1949-1958* Microfilm Publication A3457. RG 85. Rolls 1-4. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Bridgeport, New Haven, and New London, Connecticut, September 1929-December 1943.* Microfilm Publication M1320. RG 85. Rolls 1-13. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Gloucester, Massachusetts, October 1906-March, 1942.* Microfilm Publication M1321. RG 85. Roll 1. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at New Bedford, MA, 1902-1942.* Microfilm Publication T944. RG 85. Rolls 1-8. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Portland, ME, November 29, 1893-March 1943.* Microfilm Publication T1151. RG 85. Rolls 1-35. National Archives,

Passenger, Chana Laufer, March 1929

Atlantic Ports Passenger Lists, 1820-1873 and 1893-1959

Name:	Ruthz Laufer
Age:	5 6/12
Estimated Birth Year:	abt 1923
Birthplace:	Bolechow, Poland
Gender:	Female
Ethnic Background:	Hebrew
Arrival Date:	10 Mar 1929
Port of arrival:	Providence, Rhode Island
Port of departure:	Jaffa, Palestine
Ship Name:	Alesia
Friend's Name:	A Sheifer
Last Residence:	Palestine
Place of Origin:	Palestine

Source Citation: National Archives and Records Administration; Washington, D.C.; Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Providence, RI, 1911-1943; Series:T1188; Roll:41.

Source Information:

Ancestry.com. *Atlantic Ports Passenger Lists, 1820-1873 and 1893-1959* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2010.

Original data:

- *Copies of Lists of Passengers Arriving at Miscellaneous Ports on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and at Ports on the Great Lakes, 1820-1873.* Microfilm Publication M575. RG 36. Rolls 1-16. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Crew Lists of Vessels Arriving at Eastport, Maine, 1949-1958* Microfilm Publication A3457. RG 85. Rolls 1-4. National Archives, Washington, D.C.
- *Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at Bridgeport, New Haven, and New London, Connecticut,*

Passenger, Ruthz Laufer, March 1929

1930 United States Federal Census

Name:	Shulina Laufer	
Birth Year:	abt 1894	
Birthplace:	Austria	
Home in 1930:	Brooklyn, Kings, New York	
Relation to Head of House:	Head	
Spouse's Name:	Chana Laufer	
Mother's name:	Marian Streifer	
Household Members:	Name	Age
	<u>Shulina Laufer</u>	36
	<u>Chana Laufer</u>	34
	<u>Ruth Laufer</u>	6
	<u>Marian Streifer</u>	69

Source Citation: Year: 1930; Census Place: Brooklyn, Kings, New York; Roll: 1529; Page: 18A; Enumeration District: 730; Image: 397.0.

Source Information:



Ancestry.com. 1930 United States Federal Census [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2002.

Original data: United States of America, Bureau of the Census. *Fifteenth Census of the United States, 1930*. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1930. T626, 2,667 rolls.

Description:

Containing records for approximately 123 million Americans, the 1930 United States Federal Census is the largest census released to date and is the most recent census available for public access. The census gives us a glimpse into the lives of Americans in 1930, and contains information about a household's family members and occupants including: birthplaces, occupations, immigration, citizenship, and military service. The names of those listed in the census are linked to actual images of the 1930 Census.

US Census, Shulina [Schulim] Laufer, 1930

LAUFER-STREIFER FAMILY TREE

